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A FIFTH READER

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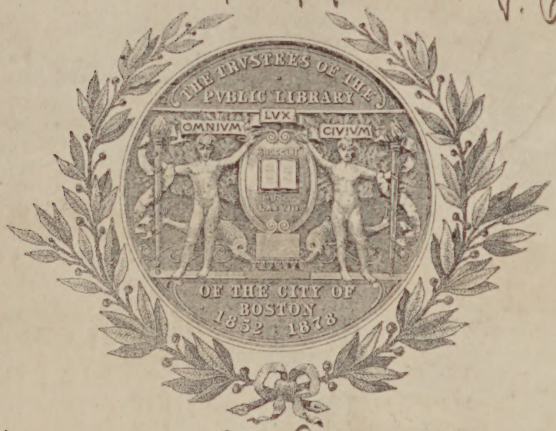

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GRATIAN AND THE FOUR WINDS

The Metcalf-Call Readers

A FIFTH READER

BY

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INTRODUCTION

THE teacher of reading in any of the grades of the grammar school has before her a task of peculiar difficulty. However well or poorly the work may have been done by the instructor in charge during the previous year, her task is a hard one. While it is true that the reading lesson is potentially the most influential of all the lessons she has to teach; while through it are opened more channels of appeal, and the growing life of the child may be reached by a greater variety of helpful stimulations than through any other study of the grammar school curriculum, it remains true that reading is more poorly taught in the average school than any other study.

The teacher who sets herself with determination to raise the level of the reading in our schools must understand fully the nature of the problem she has to solve. She must see, first, that good reading, like good art of any sort, depends upon its power of appeal and its beauty of form, and not upon one of these alone, but upon both. If a poem, song, painting, or reading is good, it is so, first, because it affects, influences, moves. If it does this profoundly and greatly, it has elements of greatness. If to great power of appeal be added high perfection of form, then the poem, song, painting, or reading is great. If the teacher cannot reasonably expect reading of the highest excellence, she may secure reading that

has elements of influence and beauty, elements which move and charm.

While ends sought in good reading are, as has been said, force of appeal and beauty of form, the means for the attainment of these ends are three. There are three roads or methods which are to be followed, not successively or alternately, but simultaneously and from the beginning.

The first of these methods in the attainment of good reading is by awakening the pupil's interest in the subject matter and in the imparting of the story to others, — to make him *want to read.* When the pupil is eager to read, he is in a fair way to become a reader. When he wants to draw or paint or sing, he is in a fair way to succeed. It is the initiative born of this desire to express in a given art that develops into power of appeal and influence if the teacher can once awaken and foster it. Of means for securing this end, more will be said later.

The second of the methods by which good reading may be secured is by model work, by placing before the mind of the pupil examples of good work in the particular art that is being studied. Such models furnish the pupil with both ideas and ideals. By means of them he sees higher types of excellence and is led to correct his own crude conceptions and to better his inadequate and faulty execution. He is surprised and pleased at the vast gamut of expression which is revealed to him by one whose work is far beyond his own. When he seeks to imitate he is filled with delight to discover that he can do so in large measure, and the heightened level of his work increases his pleasure and stimulates his ambition.

The third method by which good results must be sought in

reading, as in any art, is through the carefully selected and unremitting drills which establish good habits and secure facility and certainty in execution. It is not enough to want to draw a circle. Nor to this desire is it enough to add, through models, the picture of the true circle. Essential as are both of these, the pupil is still unable to execute the drawing with accuracy unless, through drill, he has also acquired the needed training of eye and hand. Desire furnishes the motive power, model work elevates the idea into an ideal; it is the drill that enables one to externalize his ideal.

Thus the teacher who would secure reading that has power of appeal and beauty of form — reading that will influence and charm — must awaken the kind and degree of interest that makes her pupils enjoy the reading class and want to read. She must supply the models that elevate the standard of work done by raising the ideals to be striven for. She must have the drill work that makes possible definite, certain, and skilful execution of what is attempted. And this awakening of interest, this model and drill work, must be correlative if the best results are to be secured.

Until the teacher has the power of awakening interest and creating that love for the reading hour which reports itself in expression that is thoroughly alive, it is vain to work for the higher qualities of oral interpretation. Animation, and animation established as a habit in the reading class, is the first step.

Of course the pupil's early efforts will be crude and full of the impress of struggle. However successful the teacher in securing animation, she will find the problem of overcoming

"jerky reading." This is a task of trifling difficulty as compared with that of securing reading that is habitually wide-awake and animated. The habit of reading itself tends to establish smoothness, for vocal smoothness is a report of acquired ease. What may fairly be called a second step grows naturally from the first. But, as the direct cause of so-called "jerky" reading usually lies in the fact that the young reader does not have in mind the whole thought of a sentence when he begins orally to express it, so the immediate remedy is found in imposing upon him a silent reading, sometimes supplemented by requiring from him a paraphrase that will insure a grasp of the entire meaning before he again proceeds to read the sentence. After one or both of these requirements, the second reading is usually smooth.

It is observed that the "jerky" reader will usually explore a sentence with eye and mind as far as the first punctuation mark and then pronounce the words. When he has reached the punctuation mark his voice will rest while eye and mind journey on to the next mile-post of punctuation, when he will again pronounce the words, to again cease speaking and explore once more, and so repeat the process until the end of the sentence is reached. The result is a series of vocal jerks and hitches. A process which insures familiarity with the whole, rather than a partial acquaintance with detached parts, overcomes a common and annoying defect in oral reading. The use of selections in prose and verse which are notable for their flowing quality and rhythmic charm aids greatly in cultivating a perception of the beauty and effectiveness of smooth and balanced utterance.

As has already been said, too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that the reading process is a communicating process — that the reader is to show the pictures, tell the story to others, rather than to pronounce words, to perform an exercise. The reaction of this thought upon oral reading is immediate, and its benefit is as many-sided as it is important. It awakens a new interest and gives to the reading added brightness and naturalness. The reading becomes less formal, stilted, idiosyncratic and more simple, direct, colloquial. More than this, it will be seen that directing the reader's thought to reaching the pupils at the more distant parts of the room and telling the story to them, brings radiation and develops volume of voice. The teacher, knowing the importance of the end sought, sometimes seeks to reach it by telling the reader to speak louder. The results of calling for louder reading are unsatisfactory and impermanent — unsatisfactory because loudness will be accompanied by a degree of effort and forcing which robs the reading of its naturalness and simplicity, and impermanent because the pupil is certain to drop back into the old manner when the spur is not used. The reaching out which comes from a desire to tell the story to the most distant auditors develops true radiation naturally and enlarges and animates the whole reading without otherwise affecting its style and phrasing. It should be suggested, however, that while working to secure radiation in oral expression, the use of selections descriptive of great objects, like oceans or vast mountain ranges, will help in a manner immediately perceptible. If the mental object is a large one, if the concept involves something grand or mighty,

the expression of that concept will tend to transmit its quality.

Thus far it has been well to avoid much attention to the niceties of emphasis, interesting the pupil, rather, in the central thought, the dominant spirit of the selection he is reading, and stimulating him to convey this to the class. But when reading that is animated and smooth has become fairly well established and the expression "radiates" and the reader's utterance is distinctly and pleasantly heard filling all parts of the room, it is time for serious attention to the principle of emphasis.

The chief forms of emphasis are volume, stress, inflection, and time. Volume is a natural expression of a sense of the importance, weight, or value of a thought. It characterizes the delivery of a whole passage, oftentimes of a series of passages. It indicates earnestness, aroused feeling. It can hardly be taught directly, for it is a result in oral expression of stimulus that arouses to forceful, earnest utterance.

Stress is a short, sharp stroke of the voice upon a single word, or a short group of words. It is frequently the natural expression of an order, command, impassioned affirmation, or denial. Directing the pupil's attention to the key-word and stimulating him to the strong emotional effort that will give its utterance convincing force is all that can be suggested in the present writing. But stress is a form of emphasis to be used but sparingly.

By far the most usual form of emphasis, and certainly the most attractive, is the inflection. By inflection, as is generally understood, is meant the gliding of the voice from a higher to a lower pitch (falling inflection); from a lower to

a higher pitch (rising inflection); or the slide from higher to lower and back again (rising circumflex); or from lower to higher and down again (falling circumflex). These inflections constitute the melody of speech — they are the tune of the thought. No more beautiful inflections may be heard than in the prattle of childhood, and no form of emphasis is easier to teach.

While so-called inflection-drills are helpful as voice exercises, they are by no means necessary in securing effective use of the inflection in reading or speaking. In fact, they have very little to do with the matter. Inflection is the natural result of analysis of the thought during utterance — the separating the thought into its component parts while speaking. Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as a mistake in inflection. The inflection is an effect and not a cause. If the inflection is not what we desire, it is because the analysis is faulty, for the placing of inflection will follow the analysis. In reading the sentence,

"Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home,"

if the inflection is misplaced, it is because the reader has not picked out the word or words that demand it. If he reads the sentence monotonously and there is in his delivery no emphatic word marked by an inflection, it is because he has not analyzed the thought at all. If the teacher desires a positive falling inflection upon the word "home," it is unadvisable to ask for it. An inflection acquired by a stern sense of duty or desire to oblige an instructor is of no abiding value to the student. Moreover, the request is needless. If the teacher asks the pupil where he is going,

thus directing his mind sharply to the word "home," the teacher's purpose will be accomplished.

If the pupil reads the sentence,

"Talent is something, but tact is everything,"

and the even, unaccented reading shows that the pupil has not analyzed the idea, let the teacher ask: "What is 'something'?" An inflection upon the word "talent" will follow. Should he inquire: "What is talent?" the pupil will give him an accented "something." If he inquires: "What is 'everything'?" straightway will he secure an inflection upon "tact"; and to the question: "What and how much is tact?" he will get a strong falling inflection upon "everything."

Not only is it unnecessary to ask in set terms for the kind of inflection desired, but it is a symptomatic and superficial treatment of the whole matter. The true method is to deal directly with analysis which is the cause of those musical glidings of the voice from pitch to pitch which are called inflections. Besides, to do less than this is not only to worry the pupil with terms which he need never concern himself about, and to dull his interest in the reading itself, but it robs him of the help in analysis which his teacher might give and which he greatly needs. Correct the analysis and the inflection corrects itself.

The fourth form of emphasis, pause or time, is the most subtle and distinctly intellectual of all its forms. It is elliptical. It is the arrest of speech to give the mind of the hearer time to see the bearing of thought upon thought, the relationship of part to part. An instant of pause before a

key-word, or after it, or perhaps both before it and following it, throws it into greater prominence and gives to its utterance weightier impressiveness than could be given by inflection or stress.

But precisely because pause or time is the most subtly intellectual of the forms of emphasis and involves a grasp upon the parts and inter-relationships of the thought which it expresses, it is usually only the more mature reader who can use it with effect. With younger pupils illustrations may be used by the teacher which will call attention to its place and importance in good oral reading, and a few selected drills in passages requiring rapid or medium or slow utterance and those where transitions in thought require marked and significant pauses. Perhaps this is all that may be done in the grade for which this Reader is prepared, and that command of the emphasis of pause or time should be left until the pupil grows to it. In the meantime this teaching by the indirection of practice and illustration will not be without its value.

There is another power in expressive reading, however, which is fully within the command of the pupils. The reproductive imagination, when properly stimulated and directed, adds yet another enrichment to the life and vivacity of awakened interest, to the radiation which comes of a desire to communicate, to the emphasis of earnestness and the analytic discrimination which beautifies the reading with delicate inflection and musical slide. It adds the color to the voice that comes when the reader at the time of utterance holds clearly a mental picture of an object he is describing. In reading descriptive passages — and all school

readers abound in such — "seeing the picture" is only second in importance to thinking the thought and feeling the feeling. Nor is it difficult to cultivate this power in the pupil. The reproductive imagination is easily appealed to, and when active during reading, new elements of charm and beauty are added with a suddenness that is sometimes as surprising as it is gratifying. If a child is asked if he can see the room in which he usually sleeps at home, he will tell you that he can. And in saying that he can see it, he means much more than that he is able to enumerate the articles of furniture and their disposition, and that he can tell the number and place of windows and doors. He means that he can picture that room. And if he be properly stimulated, he can so picture any familiar scene from his experience which is strongly suggested by a description he may find in the selection he is about to read. This power, the imagination of the reader speaking through the medium of tone color to the imagination of the hearer, is one of the highest charms of expressive oral reading. Best of all, it is a power within the reach of the youthful reader, and one which the teacher may and should develop.

In an earlier paragraph it was pointed out that one of the roads by which good reading is to be secured is through stimulating in every possible way the pupil's desire to read. Most of what has been written has approached the goal through this avenue.

It was also said that another road was by supplying ideas and ideals by means of models. These, too, are a stimulus to do better work. In the class-room it is the teacher who must do this model work or it will remain undone. Experi-

ence and observation of many years have convinced the writer that it is of high value that the teacher should read aloud to her class every week. She may do more or less of this according as opportunity offers, and may or may not read from the selections in the Reader itself. But whether she uses the matter in the text-book, or, through fear lest the class be led to slavishly imitate her own manner of interpretation, chooses other material, her reading will increase the interest of the class and reveal to them new beauties and possibilities in expression. While no greater shame can come to a teacher of reading than to have all her pupils read alike, and while it is one of the well known dangers of imitative teaching that the faulty, the peculiar, the idiosyncratic is often caught at once, while real excellence is so subtle and illusive that it is difficult to reproduce, this kind of model work should not be omitted. An experienced teacher can perceive when the danger line is passed, when the pupil, instead of getting higher ideals and new inspiration from the teacher's reading, is seeking mechanically to reproduce the form. Sometimes this occurs and the careful teacher will, for a time, confine her reading to matter not found in the Reader itself. But the illuminative education of a good example is as important for a young reader as is the study of good pictures to a young painter, or good music to a young composer.

The third road of approach to good oral reading is that of thorough drill — the establishing of good habits through the repetition of helpful exercises — the mastery of the agents of expression that will enable the student to execute with precision and facility. Having conceived his ideal,

the reader must have power to externalize it. This is the province of drill. In concluding this introduction we give a series of exercises and illustrative passages which will prove of value to the teacher in connection with the suggestions already offered.

How to Stand. — Before the pupil enters upon the practice of the following breathing exercises and vocal drills, and while taking them, an erect and elastic standing position should be insisted upon. The weight of the body should rest upon the balls of the feet. The heels should be together, toes apart. From the crown of the head, well lifted, the line of gravity should fall to the balls of the feet. The ear, point of shoulder, and point of hip should be in a line. The ribs should be well lifted, the arms allowed to hang easily at sides; the back should be erect and not thrown forward at the waist line.

After a good standing position has been secured by obedience to the directions given above, relief from the constraint of long continuance of the weight upon both feet may be secured by taking a half step forward with either foot without changing the position of the other. The chest should be carried forward of the abdomen, the body erect over the strong foot, the chin drawn in slightly, the head easily poised. The position should be light, buoyant, and easy.

A constant sense of easy balance may be developed through simple poising exercises.

Exercises for Securing Breath Control. — 1. Stand erect, weight on the balls of the feet; exhale strongly, emptying

the lungs as completely as possible; then inhale slowly through the nostrils; hold breath a second; exhale through nostrils slowly.

2. Stand erect, exhale, then inhale quickly through the nostrils, filling the lungs as completely as possible; hold breath a second; exhale very slowly through the nostrils. Vary the exercise by inhaling slowly and exhaling rapidly.

3. Stand erect, exhale, then extend both arms horizontally forward, palms of hands up as if extended to receive something; sweep arms outward and upward suddenly until the arms are extended vertically above the head, thus raising the ribs and chest and expanding fully the entire circle of waist, and at the same time inhale rapidly and vigorously; hold breath a second; exhale slowly through the nostrils, allowing the arms to sweep downward and outward in measured time until the hands hang normally at the sides.

4. Stand erect, exhale, then inflate the chest rapidly, placing the lips as if holding a tube or quill, exhale slowly through this aperture. Vary the exercise by inhaling slowly through this imaginary quill and then exhale gently through the nostrils.

Remissness in early practice and negligence in general habit are extensively the causes of imperfect articulation and unsanctioned pronunciation. Give the pupils a thorough drill in the correct sounding of vowels, consonants, diphthongs and cognates, until a quick perception of distinction is formed, and a facile, forceful, and accurate pronunciation acquired. "The faults of skipping, slighting, mumbling, swallowing, or drawling the sound of vowels or consonants are not only offensive to the ear, but subversive of meaning."

In giving drills with the following sentences, the teacher should take care that the pupils separate the words definitely and crisply, giving full value to the final sounds in a way to insure that they do not blend with the word which follows.

Seated on shore she sees ships with shining sails on the shimmering sea.

Merry maidens make mirth.

She stood welcoming them in.

The dentist can perhaps cover the cleft palate with a plate.

Bring me some ice, not some mice.

That lasts till night; that last still night.

The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed.

It is certain she sells sea shells.

Whoever imagined such an ocean to exist; whoever imagined such a notion to exist.

> When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,
> The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines.

The wherry at the wharf was weighted with whale-oil, whey, and wheat.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in her steep course?

> He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar
> When wintry storm his wrathful wreck doth threat.

> At last, with creeping, crooked pace, forth came
> An old, old man, with beard as white as snow.

Vocal Drills. — In the following passages, which have been carefully chosen as among those from which the best results have been obtained in class work, the design is primarily to increase the pupils' gamut of expression, both of thought and of feeling. The untrained voice is unequal to unaccustomed use and unusual demands, and "breathiness," fogginess, thinness, roughness, nasality, or weakness interfere and often prevent conveyance of the idea convincingly and pleasingly to the hearer, however deeply it may be felt by the speaker or however sincerely uttered. His intention and his execution are often far apart. As Goethe says: All art must be preceded by a certain mechanical expertness.

Quality of Tone. — The quality of tone utterance of speaker or reader is the symbol that conveys feeling to the listener. The hearer draws conclusions from the quality of tone, even when unable to hear the words themselves. Development of power to convey in tones the expression of a vast gamut of feeling is gained largely through repeated practice of extracts from literature and of passages of colloquial utterance that will awaken a keen realization of the feeling to be presented. Hence it will be desirable for the teacher to combine, with the following exercises, others of a more purely colloquial character, drawn from every-day expressions of love, fear, pleasure, command, perception of beauty or grandeur. The pupil's own forms of expression of these things may often be used to quicken and vivify his emotional realization, and these familiar phrases can be profitably combined with the extracts which follow. The quality of tone given by the pupil is the test whether

he is beginning to feel the feeling as well as to think the thought. These appeals to the reproductive memory will steadily do their educative work in developing imaginative power and emotional responsiveness, and as the pupil secures fuller and fuller vocal control, his interpretation will gain wonderfully in sincerity, vividness, and beauty of execution.

Give practice in the expressing of an idea by tone alone. Speak the syllable "oh" or "ah" to express joy, fear, content, restful drowsiness, surprise, disgust, awe, rage, satisfaction, etc. Recite, "The day is dark" and "The day is bright," coloring the tone with the picture and emotion awakened by the thought. Work for exact shading, the correspondence of sound to sense.

Exercise for Pleasant and Animated Quality. — The tone of ordinary conversation or unimpassioned reading should be vital, pleasant, buoyant, easy, and agreeable. Let these characteristics be the teacher's criteria as the pupils recite such passages as the following.

What a magnificent sunset! Look at it!

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.

From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of someone working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink — clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, —
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step to step they followed dancing.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

Insects generally must lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Fancy again the fun of tucking one's self up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and fall to eating your bed-clothes!

Lo! the long, slender spears, how they quiver and flash
Where the clouds send their cavalry down!
Rank and file by the million the rain-lancers dash
Over mountain and river and town.

Smooth and Flowing Quality of Tone. — The perception of beauty, the sense of rhythm, naturally find expression through a voice that is free and sensitively responsive, in a quality of tone which is sweet, smooth, and flowing. To awaken these appreciations and to develop vocal qualities for their adequate oral interpretation, such exercises as the following are helpful.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame.

The Aspirate. — An admirable vocal exercise consists in whispering the vowels, without sense of effort in mouth or throat, gently at first, gradually increasing the carrying power of the whisper until it is audible, and without effort, at the opposite end of a large hall. Success is attained by control of the muscles at the waist, and not by effort of mouth and throat. The clearer in quality the whisper of the speaker, the better will be the ordinary tone of normal utterance. Ability to whisper well and without effort is an education in quality of tone. Whisper with precision. The gentlest tones should be formed as clearly as the loudest.

Besides many colloquial examples that the teacher may use, the following extracts have served to good purpose.

The wind was high, the window shook,
Across the floor the miser stalked.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour! The quiet room
Seems like a temple; while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom.

I see the head of the enemy's column rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it; be silent; and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!

Macbeth. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

A hoarse gathering murmur! Hurrying and heavy footsteps!

Hark! below the gates unbarring,
Tramp of men and quick commands.

Fullness and Power of Voice. — A voice that will adequately do its owner's bidding must be not only musical and well attuned, smooth, responsive, flexible, and brilliant, but must be able, when occasion demands, to be round, full, deep, abounding in force and carrying power. The tone and force effective in ordinary conversation lack weight and strength for formal utterance in a large hall, even when the voice is not inaudible. The conversational quality must be enlarged to give it dramatic perspective, but must be enlarged in a way to preserve its naturalness. Forcing and mere loudness are an annoyance to the listener, and by such vocal misuse the speaker robs his expression of much of its potential conviction and charm. The degree of force exerted should be in proportion to the degree of intensity of emotion, modified by the nature of the occasion and the size of the audience to be addressed.

A full volume of voice is the fitting symbol for the expression of high and dignified emotion, heroism, breadth, grandeur, deep and compelling conviction. Extracts that embody these conceptions and feelings should be used in concert drills until the voice, reflecting these things, responds in fullness and noble power. In order to guard against the danger of unnaturalness and forcing of the tone, not only should the teacher use every means to see that the sentiment of the following extracts is fully grasped and felt, but should have the passages recited on a normal, not a high pitch. Instruct the pupil to speak vitally but comfortably, not to push the voice or use too much breath, but to breathe frequently and never to deprive the voice of its support by allowing the lungs to become virtually empty.

Onward, onward! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again!

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the lance!

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight — ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute — ho! gallants, draw your blades.

Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

The Inflection. — The inflection or slide is the bending of the voice upward or downward from the ordinary pitch for the purpose of emphasis. It differs from the stress, which is a stroke or swell of the voice upon the emphatic point, by possessing the musical quality. It often curves both down and up, as in the circumflex, and sometimes extends over a group of syllables or words in a melodic wave. Emphasis, usually in the form of inflection, can be obtained from the reader, as has been said, by a judicious question directing his attention to the particular point or part the teacher desires emphasized, and this without any request for an inflection or any mention of the term by the teacher. Nevertheless a few drills which, because of the nature of the thought to be expressed, afford practice in the use of definite inflection, are at once a suggestive lesson in analysis and good vocal exercise. Inflection drills tend to develop melody, flexibility, and subtlety in interpretation.

The most common inflections are the rising, as in asking a question, such as: "Will you go?" and the falling, as in answering: as, "Yes!" We have also the circumflex, as when the voice bends from the normal utterance to a higher pitch and down again in one continuous movement, or bends downward and up again in one movement; this occurs when a double meaning is conveyed. It is also used to express irony. The "monotone," or continued level movement

of the voice, usually expresses reverence, amazement, and sometimes fear.

The teacher should so direct the drill upon the extracts illustrating inflection as to insure a free play of the voice through a great gamut of tone, but, as in all drills with selected passages, should see to it that there is no divorce of sound and sense.

Rising Inflection

Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must
I stand and crouch under your testy humor?

Is life so dear or peace so sweet that it is to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

Falling Inflection

Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide — that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then, on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper; call up all my people.
Some one way, some another
And raise some special officers of night.

Circumflex Inflection

Oh, you do hear?

Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?

So goes the world; — if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother; — friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless — witless — never mind it;
You may have been a stable-boy — what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes honorable men.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot;
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

O upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — O learned judge!
O learned judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned judge!
A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Example of the Monotone

And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the heavens and the earth fled away; and there was found no place for them.

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march?

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, —
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant, faded, —
Leave not a rack behind.

Pitch and Modulation. — Without frequent variations of pitch, the pleasantest quality of tone soon becomes wearisome. In natural and unpremeditated utterance, the pitch varies with the emotion. Thus joy and exuberant excitement usually take a high pitch, awe a low pitch, the unemotional a medium pitch. In oral expression the recognition of the sentiment of a passage to be read is the true finger-point to the appropriate pitch.

A helpful exercise is to have the pupils sing the musical scale, then have them think a medium note, sing it, intone or chant a phrase upon it, then read the phrase. Afterward they should repeat these processes upon notes higher and lower in the scale. These practices will help to develop the sense of pitch.

Require the recitation of the following passages in concert, with earnest and vivid feeling.

Examples of High Pitch

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells.
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.

Medium Pitch

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Examples of Low Pitch

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same; and Thy years shall have no end.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent
And seeming to whisper, "All is well."

For the Angel of Death spread his wing on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world.

Rate of Movement. — Many young readers adopt a rate of utterance peculiar to themselves, perhaps hurrying, to the sacrifice of distinctness of utterance, or, perhaps, drawling. Whatever may be the rate fixed upon as convenient and satisfactory to himself, the reader often exhibits a tendency to interpret all styles of literature according to this individual manner. It becomes essential to awaken in such a pupil the perception that the principle that "large bodies move slowly" has its analogy in the interpretation of literature; in other words, that weighty and solemn ideas should be uttered slowly; that the butterflies of thought flit lightly and rapidly, while the didactic and ordinary narration and description take an average and comfortable rate of utterance. But lest the reading be profitless to the reader and meaningless to the hearer the pupil should be required to interpret the buoyant mood not only in relation to its appropriate speed but to its buoyancy, the solemn and earnest mood in accordance with its spirit of gravity as well as in the slow movement becoming to its character.

Examples of Rapid Movement

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

His head sat erect upon his shoulders, his body straightened as if formed in perfect symmetry, his stroke lengthened to the full reach of oar and arm, the flash of the blades on recovery was so quick that the eye only caught the gleam. The boat sprang, flew, flashed, and as it leaped past the trapper the old man again flourished his oars and shouted: "Go it, Lad! The honor of the woods is on you. You'll beat them yet, sure as Judgment Day!"

Moderate Movement

It is an Ancient Mariner
And he stoppeth one of three;
By thy long grey beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
Oh! softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of Cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Slow Movement

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside.

Slow, slow! toll it low,
As the sea-waves break and flow;
With the same dull, slumberous motion
As his ancient mother Ocean
Rocked him on through storm and calm,
From the iceberg to the palm.

HENRY L. SOUTHWICK.

A FIFTH READER

AT FOUR WINDS' FARM

Part I

Gratian shouldered his satchel and set off to school. He had some new thoughts in his head this morning, but still he was not too busy with them to forget to look about him. It was evident that old Jonas had been right; the storm spirits had been about in the night. The fallen autumn leaves which had been lying in heaps the day before were scattered everywhere, the little pools of water left by yesterday's rain had almost disappeared, overhead the clouds were

gradually settling down in quiet masses as if tired and sleepy with the rushing about of the night before.

It was always fresh up at Four Winds' Farm, but today there was a particularly brisk and inspiriting feeling in the air; and as Gratian ran down the bit of steep hill between the gate and the road which he partially followed to school, he laughed to himself as a little wind came kissing him on the cheek.

"Good morning, wind," he said aloud. "Which of them are you, I wonder?" And some old verses he had often heard his mother say came into his head.

"North winds send hail,
South winds bring rain,
East winds we bewail,
West winds blow amain."

"I think you must be west wind, but you're not blowing amain this morning. Never mind; you can when you like, I know. You can work with a will. There now — how funny — I'm saying it myself; I wonder if that's what the voices meant I should do — work with a will, work with a will," and Gratian sang the words over softly to himself as he ran along.

As I said, his road to school was a great part of the way nothing but a sheep-track. It was not that there did not exist a proper road, but this proper road, naturally enough, went winding about a good deal,

for it was meant for carts and horses as well as for little boys, and no carts or horses could ever have got along it had the road run in a direct line from the Farm to the village. For the village lay low and the Farm very high. Gratian followed the road for the first half-mile or so,—that is to say as long as he could have gained nothing by quitting it; but then came a corner at which he left it to meander gradually down the high ground, while he scrambled over a low wall of loose stones and found himself on what he always considered his own particular path. At this point began the enjoyment of his walk, for a few minutes carried him round the brow of the hill, out of sight of the road and of everything save the sky above and the great stretching moorland beneath. And this was what Gratian loved. He used to throw himself on the short tufty grass, his elbows on the ground and his chin in his hands, his satchel wherever it liked, and lie there gazing and dreaming and wishing he could stay thus always.

He did the same this morning, but somehow his dreams were not quite so undisturbed. He was no longer sure that he would like to lie there always doing nothing but dreaming, and now that he had got this idea into his head everything about him seemed to be repeating it. He looked at the heather, faded and

dull now, and remembered how, a while ago, the bees had been hard at work on the moors gathering their stores. "What a lot of trouble it must be to make honey!" he thought. He felt his own little rough coat, and smiled to think that not so very long ago it had been walking about the hills on a different back. "It isn't much trouble for the sheep to let their wool grow, certainly," he said to himself, "but it's a lot of work for lots of people before wool is turned into a coat for a little boy. Nothing can be done without work, I suppose, and I'd rather be a bee than a sheep a good deal, though I'd rather be old Watch than either, and *he* works hard — yes, he certainly does."

And then suddenly he remembered that if he didn't bestir himself he would be late at school, which wouldn't be at all the good start his mother had advised him to make as it was Monday morning.

He went on pretty steadily for the rest of the way, only stopping about six times, and that not for long together; otherwise he certainly would not have got to school before morning lessons were over. But, as it was, he got an approving nod from the teacher for being in very good time. For the teacher could not help liking Gratian, though, as a pupil, he gave him plenty of trouble, seeming really sometimes as if he *could* not learn.

"And yet," thought the master — for he was a young man who did think — "one cannot look into the child's face without seeing there are brains behind it, and brains of no common kind, maybe. But I haven't got the knack of making him use them; for nine years old he is exceedingly stupid."

Things went better today. Gratian was full of his new ideas and really meant to try. But even trying with all one's might and main won't build Rome in a day. Gratian had idled and dreamed through lesson time too often to lose the bad habit all at once. He saw himself passed as usual by children younger than he, who had been a much shorter time at school, and his face grew very melancholy, and two or three big tears gathered more than once in his eyes while he began to say in his own mind that trying was no good.

Morning school was over at twelve; most of the children lived in the village, and some but a short way off, so that they could easily run home for their dinner and be back in time for afternoon lessons; Gratian Conyfer was the only one whose home was too far off for him to go back in the middle of the day. So he brought his dinner with him and ate it in winter beside the schoolroom fire, in summer in a corner of the playground, where, under a tree, stood an old bench. This was the dining-room he liked best, and though

now summer was past and autumn indeed fast fading into winter, Gratian had not yet deserted his summer quarters, and here the schoolmaster found him half an hour or so before it was time for the children's return.

"Are you not cold there, my boy?" he asked kindly.

"No, thank you, sir," Gratian answered, and looking more closely at him the master saw he had been crying.

"What is the matter, Gratian?" he asked. "You've not been quarreling or fighting I'm sure, you never do, and as for lessons they went a bit better today, I think, didn't they?"

But at these words Gratian only turned his face to the wall and wept, wiping his eyes from time to time on the cuff of the linen blouse which he wore.

The schoolmaster's heart was touched, though he was pretty well used to tears. But Gratian's seemed different somehow.

"What is it, my boy?" he said again.

"It's — it's just that, sir — lessons, I mean. I did try, sir. I meant to work with a will, I did indeed."

"But you did do better. I knew you were trying," said the teacher quietly.

Gratian lifted his tear-stained face and looked at the master in surprise.

"Did you, sir?" he said. "It seemed to me to go worser and worser."

"No, I didn't think so. And sometimes, Gratian, when we think we are doing worse, it shows we are really doing better. We're getting up a little higher, you see, and beginning to look on and to see how far we have to go, and that we might have got on faster. When we're not climbing at all, but just staying lazily at the foot of the hill, we don't know anything about how steep and high it is."

Gratian had quite left off crying by now and was listening attentively. The master's words needed no explanation to him; he had caught the sense and meaning at once.

"Everybody has to work if they're to do any good, haven't they, sir?" he asked

"*Everybody*," agreed the master.

"But wouldn't it be better if everybody *liked* their work — couldn't they do it better if they did?" he asked. "That's what I'm vexed about, partly. I don't *like* lessons, sir," he said in a tone of deep conviction. "I'm afraid I'm too stupid ever to like them."

The schoolmaster could scarcely keep from smiling.

"You're not so very old yet, Gratian," he said. "It's just possible you may change. Besides, in some ways the beginning's the worst. You can't read very easily

yet — not well enough to enjoy reading to yourself?"

"No, sir," said the boy, hanging his head again.

"Well, then, wait a while and see if you don't change about books and lessons."

"And if I don't ever change," said Gratian earnestly. "Can people ever do things well that they don't like doing?"

The schoolmaster looked at him. It was a curious question for a boy of nine years old.

"Yes," he said, "I hope so, indeed," and his mind went back to a time when he had looked forward to being something very different from a village schoolmaster, when he could have fancied no employment could be less to his liking than teaching. "I hope so, indeed," he repeated. "And if you work with a will you — get to like the work, whatever it is."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, and the master turned away. Then a thought struck him.

"What do you best like doing, Gratian?"

The boy hesitated. Then he grew a little red.

"It isn't doing anything really," he said. "It's what mother calls dreaming — out on the moors, sir, that's the best of all — with the wind all about and nothing but it and the moor and the sky. And the feel of it keeps in me. Even when I'm at home in the kitchen by the fire, if I shut my eyes I can fancy it."

The master nodded his head.

"Dreaming is no harm in its right place. But if one did nothing but dream, the dreams would lose their color, I expect."

"That's something like what *they* said," thought the boy to himself.

The schoolmaster walked away. "A child with something uncommon about him, I fancy," he said in his mind. "One sees that sometimes in a child living as much alone with nature as he does. But I scarcely think he's clever, and then the rough daily life will most likely nip in the bud any sort of poetry or imagination that there may be germs of."

He didn't quite understand Gratian, and then, too, he didn't take into account what it is to be born under the protection of the four winds of heaven.

But Gratian felt much happier after his talk with the master, and afternoon lessons went better. They were generally easier than the morning ones, and often more interesting. This afternoon it was a geography lesson. The master drew out the great frame with the big maps hanging on it and explained to the children as he went along. It was about the north today, far away up in the north, where the ice-fields spread for hundreds of miles and everything is in a sleep of whiteness and silence. And Gratian listened

with parted lips and earnest eyes. He seemed to see it all. "I wish I knew as much as he does," he thought. "I wish I could read it in books to myself."

And for the first time there came home to him a faint, shadowy feeling of what books are — of the treasures buried in the rows and rows of little black letters that he so often wished had never been invented.

"Yes," he said to himself, "I'll try to learn so that I can read it all to myself."

It was growing already a little dusk when he set off on his walk home. The evenings were beginning "to draw in" as the country folk say.

But little cared the merry throng who poured out of the schoolroom gate as five o'clock rang from the church clock, chattering, racing, tumbling over each other, pushing, pulling, shouting, but all in play. For they are a good-natured set, though rough and ready, these hardy moor children. And they grow into honest and sturdy men and women, hospitable and kindly, active and thrifty, though they care for little beyond their own corner of the world and would scarcely find it out if all the books and "learning" in existence were suddenly made an end of.

There are mischievous imps among them, nevertheless, and none was more so than Tony, the miller's son. He meant no harm, but he loved teasing, and

Gratian, gentle and silent, was often a tempting victim. This evening, as sometimes happened, a dozen or so of the children whose homes lay at the end of the village, past which was the road to the Farm, went on together.

"We'll run a bit of the road home with thee, Gratian," said Tony.

And though the boy did not much care for their company, he thought it would be unfriendly to say so; nor did he like to refuse when Tony insisted on carrying his satchel for him. "There's no books in mine," he said. "I took them home at dinner time, and I'm sure your shoulders will be aching before you get to the Farm with the weight of yours. My goodness, how many books have you got in it? I say," as he pretended to examine them, "here's Gratian Conyfer going to be head o' the school and put us all to shame with his learning."

But as Gratian said nothing he seemed to be satisfied, and after stopping a minute or two to arrange the satchel again, ran after the others.

"It's getting dark, Tony," said his sister Dolly; "we mustn't go farther. Good night, Gratian, we've brought you a bit of your way — Tony and Ralph and I"; for the other children had gradually fallen off.

"Yes — a good mile of it, thank you, Dolly. And

thank you, Tony, for helping me with my satchel — that's right, thank you," as Tony was officiously fastening it on.

"Good night," said Tony; "you're no coward anyway, Gratian. I shouldn't like to have all that way to go in the dark, for it will be dark soon. There are queer things to be seen on the moor after sunset, folks say."

"Ay, so they say," said Ralph.

"I'll be home in no time," Gratian called back; for he did not know what fear was.

But after he had run a while he felt more tired than usual. Was it perhaps the fit of crying he had had at dinner time that made him so weary? He plodded on, however, shifting his satchel from time to time, it felt so strangely heavy, and queer tales he had heard of the little mountain man that would jump on your shoulders and cling on till he had strangled you, unless you remembered the right spell to force him off with, or of the brownies who catch children with invisible ropes and make them run round and round without their knowing they have left the straight road till they drop with fatigue, came into his mind.

"There must be something wrong with my satchel," he said at last, and he pulled it round so that he could open it. He drew his hand out with a cry of vexation

and distress. Tony, yes it must have been Tony — though at first he was half inclined to think the mountain men or the brownies had been playing their tricks on him — Tony had filled the satchel with heavy stones, and had no doubt taken out the books at the time he was pretending to examine them. It was too bad. And what had he done with the books?

"He may have taken them home with him, he may have hidden them, or he may have left them on the moor, and if it rains they'll be spoilt, and the copy-books are sure to blow away."

For in his new ardor Gratian had brought home books of all kinds, meaning to work so well that his master should be quite astonished the next day, and the poor little fellow sat down on the heather, his arms and shoulders aching and sore, and let the tears roll down his face.

Suddenly a slight sound, something between a murmur and a rustle, some little way from him, made him look round. It was an unusually still evening; Gratian had scarcely ever known the moorland road so still — it could not be the wind then! He looked round him curiously, and for a moment or two forgot his troubles in his wonder as to what it could be. There it was again, and the boy started to his feet.

Part II

Yes — he heard it again, and this time it sounded almost like voices speaking. He turned to the side whence it came, and to his surprise, in the all but darkness, there glimmered for an instant or two a sudden light. It was scarcely indeed to be called light; it was more like the reflection of faint color on the dark background.

"It is like a black rainbow," said Gratian to himself. "I wonder if there are some sorts of rainbows that come in the night. I wonder —" but suddenly a waft of soft though fresh air on his cheek made him start. All around him, but an instant before, had been so still that he could not understand it, and his surprise was not lessened when a voice sounded close to his ear.

"What about your books, Gratian? How are you going to find them?"

The boy turned to see who was speaking. His first thought was that one of his companions, knowing of the trick Tony had played him, had run after him with the books. But the figure beside him was not that of one of his companions — was it that of anyone at all? Gratian rubbed his eyes; the faint light that remained — the last rays of reflected sunset — was more bewildering than decided night. Was it fancy

From the original illustration by Walter Crane

WAS IT FANCY THAT HE HAD SEEN A WAVING, FLUTTERING FORM BESIDE HIM?

that he had heard a voice speaking? was it fancy that he had seen a waving, fluttering form beside him?

No, there it was again; softly moving garments, with something of a green radiance on them, a sweet fair face, like a face in a dream, seen but for an instant and then hidden again by a wave of mist that seemed to come between it and him, a gentle yet cheery voice repeating again:

"What of the books, Gratian? How are you going to find them?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "Who are you? How do you know about them, and can you help me to find them?"

But the sound of his own voice, rough and sharp, and yet thick it somehow seemed, in comparison with the soft clearness of the tones he had just heard, fell on his ears strangely. It seemed to awake him.

"Am I dreaming?" he said to himself. "There is no one there. How silly of me to speak to nobody! I might as well be speaking to the wind!"

"Exactly," said the voice, followed this time by a little burst of the sweetest laughter Gratian had ever heard. "Come, Gratian, don't be so dull; what's wrong with your eyes? Come, dear, if you do want to find your books. You see me now, don't you?"

And again the fresh waft passed across his cheeks,

and again the flutter of radiant green and the fair face caught his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "I see you now — or — or I did see you half a second ago"; for even while he said it the vision had seemed to fade.

"That's right — then come."

He was opening his lips to ask how and where, but he had not time, nor did he need to do so. The breeze, slight as it was, seemed to draw him onwards, and the faint, quivering green light gleamed out from moment to moment before him. It was evident which way he was to go. Only for an instant a misgiving came over him and he hesitated. "I say," he called out, "you mustn't be offended, but you're not a will-o'-the-wisp, are you? I don't want to follow one of them. They're no good."

Again the soft laughter, but it sounded kind and pleasant, not the least mocking.

"That's right. Never have anything to say to will-o'-the-wisps, Gratian. But I'm not one — see — I keep on my way. I don't dance and jerk from side to side."

It was true; it was wonderful how fast she — if it were she, the voice sounded like a woman's — got over the ground and Gratian after her, without faltering or stumbling or even getting out of breath.

"Here we are," she said. "Stoop down, Gratian — there are your books hidden beside the furze bush at your feet. And it is going to rain; they would have been quite spoilt by morning even if I had done my best. It was an ugly trick of Master Tony's. There now, have you got them?"

"Yes, thank you," said Gratian, fumbling for his satchel, still hanging round his shoulders, though to his surprise empty, for he did not remember having thrown the stones out, "I have got them all now. Thank you *very* much, whoever you are. I would like to kiss you if only I could see you long enough at a time."

But a breath like a butterfly's kiss fluttered on to his cheek, and the gleam of two soft bluey-green eyes seemed for the hundredth part of a second to dance into his own.

"I have kissed you," said the voice, now sounding farther away, "and not for the first nor the thousandth time if you had known it! But you are waking up a little now; our baby boy is learning to see and to hear and to feel. Goodbye — good night, Gratian. Work your best with your books tonight — get home as fast as you can. Bye the bye it is late; shall I speed you on your way? You will know how far that is tomorrow morning — look for the furze bush on the right of

the path when it turns for the last time and you will see if I don't know how to help you home in no time."

And almost before the last words had faded, Gratian felt himself gently lifted off his feet — a rush, a soft whiz, and he was standing by the Farm gate, while before him shone out the warm ruddy glow from the unshuttered windows of the big kitchen, and his mother's voice, as she heard the latch click, called out to him:

"Is that you, Gratian? You are very late; if it had not been such a very still, beautiful evening I should really have begun to think you had been blown away coming over the moor."

And Gratian rubbed his eyes as he came blinking into the kitchen. His mother's words puzzled him, though he knew she was only joking. It was a very still night — that was the funny part of it.

"Why, you look for all the world as if you'd been having a nap, my boy," she went on, and Gratian stood rubbing his hands before the fire, wondering if perhaps he had. He was half inclined to tell his mother of Tony's trick and what had come of it. But she might say he had dreamt it, and then it would seem ill-natured to Tony.

"And I don't want mother and father to think I'm

always dreaming and fancying," he thought to himself; for just at that moment the farmer's footsteps were heard as he came in to supper. "Anyway I want them to see I mean to get on better at school than I have done."

He did not speak much at table, but he tried to help his mother by passing to her whatever she wanted and jumping up to fetch anything missing. And it was a great pleasure when his father once or twice nodded and smiled at him approvingly.

"He's getting to be quite a handy lad — eh, mother?" he said.

As soon as supper was over and cleared away, Gratian set to work at his lessons with a light heart. It was wonderful how much easier and more interesting they seemed now that he really gave his whole attention, and especially since he had tried to understand what the teacher had said about them.

"If only I had tried like this before, how much further on I should be now," he could not help saying to himself with a sigh. "And the queer thing is, that the more I try the more I want to try. My head begins to feel so much tidier."

But with all the good will in the world, at nine years old a head cannot do *very* much at a time. Gratian had finished all the lessons he *had* to do for

the next day and was going back in his books with the wish to learn over again, and more thoroughly, much that he had not before really taken in or understood, when to his distress his poor little head bumped down on to the volume before him, and he found by the start that he was going to sleep! Still it wasn't very late — mother had said nothing yet about bedtime.

"It is that I have got into such a stupid, lazy way of learning, I suppose," he said to himself, getting up from his seat. "Perhaps the air will wake me up a bit," and he went through the little entrance hall and stood in the porch, looking out.

It was a very different night from the last. All was so still and calm that for once the name of the Farm did not seem to suit it.

Gratian leant against the door-post, looking up to the sky, and just then, like the evening before, old Jonas, followed by Watch, came round the corner.

"Good evening, Jonas," said the boy. "How quiet it is tonight! There wasn't much of a storm after all."

"No, Master Gratian," replied the shepherd. "I told you they were only a-knocking about a bit to keep their hands in"; and he too stood still and looked up at the sky.

"I don't like it so still as this," said the boy. "It doesn't seem right. I came out here for a breath of

air to wake me up. I've been working hard at my lessons, Jonas; I'm going always to work hard now. But I wish I wasn't sleepy."

"Sign that you've worked enough for tonight, maybe," said Jonas. But as he spoke, Gratian started.

"Jonas," he said, "did you see a sort of light down there — across the grass there in front, a sort of golden looking flash? Ah, there it is again," and just at the same moment a soft, almost warm waft of air seemed to float across his face, and Gratian fancied he heard the words, "Good boy, good boy."

"'Tis a breath of south wind getting up," said old Jonas quietly. "I've often thought to myself that there's colors in the winds, Master Gratian, though folks would laugh at me for an old silly if I said so."

"Colors," repeated Gratian; "do you mean many colors? I wasn't saying anything about the wind though, Jonas — did you feel it too? It was over there — look, Jonas — it seemed to come from behind the big bush."

"Due south, due south," said Jonas. "And golden yellow is my fancy for the south."

"And what for the north and for the — " began Gratian eagerly, but his mother's voice interrupted him.

"Bedtime, Gratian," she called; "come and put
ay your books. You've done enough lessons for
night."

Gratian gave himself a little shake of impatience.

"How tiresome," he said. "I am quite awake now.
vant you to go on telling me about the winds, Jonas,
d I want to do a lot more lessons. I can't go to
d yet." But even while the words were on his lips
started and shivered. "Jonas, it can't be south
nd. It's as cold as anything."

A sharp keen gust had suddenly come round the
rner, rasping the child's unprotected face almost
ike a knife" as people sometimes say, and Watch,
no had been rubbing his nose against Gratian, gave
snort of disgust.

"You see Watch feels it too," said the boy. But
nas only turned a little and looked about him calmly.

"I can't say as I felt it, Master Gratian," he said.
But there's no answering for the winds and their
eaks here at the Four Winds' Farm, and it's but
tural you should know more about 'em than most.
l the same, I take it as you're feeling cold and chilly-
e means as bed is the best place. You're getting
epy — to say nothing of the Missus calling to ye
go."

And again the mother's voice was heard.

"Gratian, Gratian, my boy. Don't you hear me?"

He moved, but slowly. A little imp of opposition had taken up its abode in the boy. Perhaps he had been feeling too pleased with his own good resolutions and beginnings.

"Too bad," he muttered to himself, "just when I was getting to understand my lessons better. Old Jonas is very stupid."

Again the short, sharp cutting slap of cold air on his face, and in spite of himself the boy moved more quickly.

"Good night, Jonas," he said rather grumpily, though he would not let himself shiver for fear he should again be told it showed he was sleepy. "I'm going. I'm not at all tired, but I'm going all the same. Only how you can say it's south wind —!"

"I don't say so now. I said it *was* south — that soft feeling as if one could see the glow of the south in it. Like enough it's east by now. Isn't this where all the winds meet? Well, I'm off too. Good night, master."

"And you'll tell me about all the colors another time, won't you, Jonas?" said Gratian in a mollified tone.

"Or you'll tell me, maybe," said the old man. "Never fear — we'll have some good talks over it.

Out on the moor some holiday, with nobody but the sheep and Watch to hear our fancies — that's the best time, isn't it?"

And the old shepherd whistled to the dog and disappeared round the corner of the house.

His mother met Gratian at the kitchen door.

"I was coming out to look for you," she said. "Put away your books now. You'd do no more good at them tonight."

"I wasn't sleepy, mother. I went to the door to wake myself up," he replied. But his tone was no longer fretful or cross.

"Feeling you needed waking up was something very like being sleepy," she answered, smiling. "And all the lessons you have to learn are not to be found in your books, Gratian."

He did not at once understand, but he kept the words in his mind to think over.

"Good night, mother," and he lifted his soft round face for her kiss.

"Good night, my boy. Father has gone out to the stable to speak to one of the men. I'll say good night to him for you. Pleasant dreams, and get up as early as you like if you want to work more."

"Mother," said Gratian hesitatingly.

"Well?"

"Is it a good thing to be born where the four winds meet?"

She laughed.

"I can't say," she replied. "It's not done you any harm so far. But don't begin getting your head full of fancies, my boy. Off with you to bed, and get to sleep as fast as you can. Pleasant dreams."

"But, mother," said the child as he went upstairs, "dreams are fancies."

"Yes, but they don't waste our time. There's no harm in dreaming when we're asleep — we can't be doing aught else then."

"Oh," said Gratian. "It's dreaming in the day that wastes time then."

He was turning the corner of the stair as he said so, speaking more to himself than to his mother. Just then a little waft of air came right in his face. It was not the sharp touch that had made him start at the door, nor was it the soft warm breath which old Jonas said was the south wind. Rather did it remind Gratian of the kindly breeze and the sea-green glimmerings on the moor. He stood still for an instant. Again it fluttered by him, and he heard the words, "Not always, Gratian; not always."

"What was I saying?" he asked himself. "Ah yes — that it is dreaming in the day that is a waste of

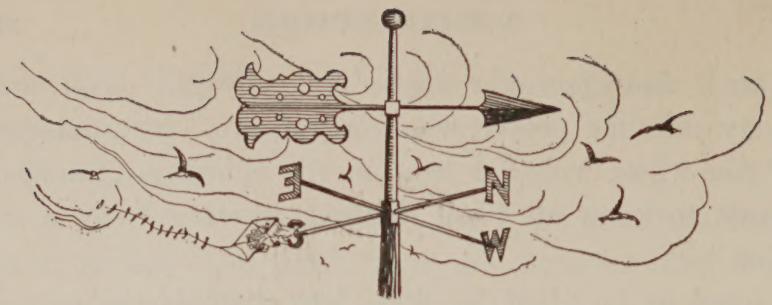
time! And now she says 'Not always.' You are very puzzling people, whoever you are," he went on; "you whose voices I hear in the chimney, and who seem to know all I am thinking whether I say it or not."

And as he lifted his little face towards the corner whence the sudden draught had come, there fell on his ears the sound of rippling laughter — the merriest and yet softest laughter he had ever heard, and in which several voices seemed to mingle. So near it seemed at first that he could have fancied it came from the old granary on the other side of the wooden partition shutting off the staircase, but again, in an instant, it seemed to dance and flicker itself away, till nothing remained but a faint ringing echo, which might well be no more than the slight rattle of the glass in the old casement window.

Then all was silent and the boy went on to his own room, and was soon covered up and fast asleep in his little white bed.

MRS. MOLESWORTH

From *Four Winds' Farm*



THE WIND IN A FROLIC[1]

THE Wind, one morning, sprung up from sleep,
Saying, 'Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!'
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls:
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about,
And the urchins that stood with their thievish eyes,
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming;
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming:

[1] The original footnote in "Russell's Sequel."

"This lesson is meant for the practice of loud, high, lively, and rapid utterance, with short pauses. Great care should be taken, in reading it, not to let the voice run merely by the metre and the lines, but to keep it in the tones of lively and humorous talking. The common fault, in reading such pieces, is what is sometimes called a 'cantering' voice."

It plucked by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sullenly mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks —
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks;
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, 'Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!'
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed, like a monster, on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees, in a midsummer swarm;
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if the poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd:

There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had pressed on, and had met in a lane,
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

WILLIAM HOWITT

TREASURE-BOXES

We all have our treasure-boxes. Misers have strong iron-bound chests full of gold; stately ladies, pearl inlaid caskets for their jewels; and even you and I, dear child, have our own. Your little box with lock and key, that Aunt Lucy gave you, where you have kept for a long time your choicest paper doll, the peacock with spun-glass tail, and the robin's egg that we picked up in the path under the great trees that windy day last spring — that is your treasure-box. I no less have mine, and if you will look with me, I will show you how the trees and flowers have theirs, and what is packed away in them.

Come out into the orchard this September day, under the low-bowed peach trees, where great downy-cheeked peaches almost drop into our hands. Sit on the grassy bank with me and I will show you the peach tree's treasure-box.

What does the peach tree regard as most precious? If it could speak in words, it would tell you its seed is the one thing for which it cares most; for which it has

worked ever since spring, storing food, and drinking in sunshine. And it is so dear and so valued because, when the peach tree itself dies, this seed, its child, may still live on, growing into a beautiful and fruitful tree; therefore the mother tree cherishes her seed as her greatest treasure, and has made for it a casket more beautiful than Mrs. Williams' sandalwood jewel-box.

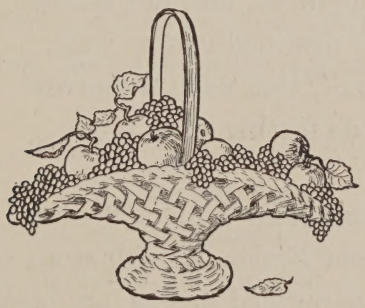
See the great crack where this peach broke from the bough. We will pull it open; this is opening the cover of the outside casket. See how rich is the outside color and how wonderfully beautiful the deep crimson fibers which cling about the hard shell inside! For this seed cannot be trusted in a single covering; moreover, the inner box is locked securely and, I am sorry to say, we haven't the key; so, if I would show you the inside, we must break the pretty box, with its strong, ribbed walls, and then at last we shall see what the peach tree's treasure-box holds.

The tall milkweed that grew so fast all summer, and threatened to overrun the garden, now pays well for its lodging by the exquisite treasure which its rough-covered pale-green bag holds. Press your thumb on its closed edges; for this casket opens with a spring, and, if it is ripe and ready, it will unclose with a touch and show you a little fish, with silver scales laid over a

covering of long, silken threads, finer and more delicate than any of the sewing silk in your mother's work-box. This silk is really a wing-like float for each scale; and the scales are seeds, which will not stay upon the little fish, but long to float away with their silken trails and, alighting here and there, cling and seek for a good place to plant themselves.

Autumn is the time to open these treasures. It takes all the spring and summer to prepare them, and some even need all of September too, before they are ready to open the little covers. But go into the garden and orchard, into the meadows and woods, and you have not far to look before finding enough to prove that the plants, no less than the children, have treasures to keep, and often most charming boxes to keep them in.

JANE ANDREWS



A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
  Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

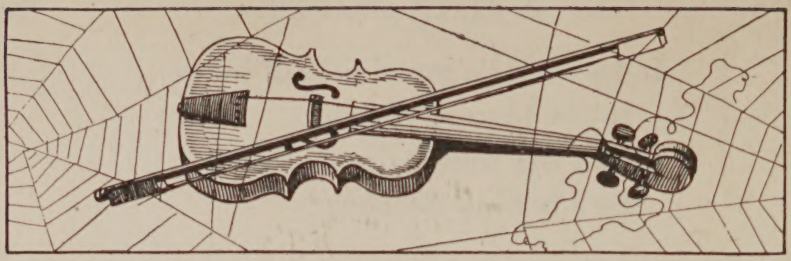
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THE ONE-STRINGED FIDDLE

"HELLO! Here's father's old fiddle, to be sure."

We were up in the garret. What is a house good for without a garret? What is a garret good for unless it has old things in it? What are old things good for unless you can go and rummage among them and "oh!" and "ah!" about them when it comes a rainy day?

"Well, well, here's the old fiddle. Many's the time you have played *Merrily, oh!* and *Hunter's Chorus* and *Pompey Duck-legs.* I'd been wondering what had become of you, and here you are. Well, well!"

By this time the fiddle woke up and began to want things.

"*Merrily, oh!* Play *Merrily, oh!* Play on me! Make me laugh! I want something. I am not happy."

"But," said I, "you are not ready to be played on. You have but one string, and that is a G string, green and good for nothing. There is no *Merrily, oh!* in you and I can't get it out."

"Yah!" yelled the fiddle, "I don't like it. I don't want to be waked up. I want to be happy. Play on me. Make me merry."

"I tell you I can't play on you. You haven't strings enough. The strings you have won't bear tuning."

"Yah!" said the fiddle, like a cross baby.

So I set the fiddle up on the button of its tailpiece and put the bridge in place and the G string and, as near as I could guess without a tuning-fork, began to strain it up. Throom, throme, thrum, thram. And when it made a little noise something like music, I put the fiddle under my chin and took the old bow and sawed away on the G string, playing a slow tune with five notes in it.

The fiddle was pleased and said, "Do so some more."

So I played it again and again, just as you whistle to a baby to amuse it, or tell stories to little boys.

By and by the fiddle snarled out: "I'm tired of that tune. Play something else."

"But I can't play much on one string," I said. "If you will have two strings, I will play six tunes; but on one string I can't play much."

"Well, I want six tunes," said the fiddle.

"Very well, when you have two strings you can have six tunes, and with three strings sixty, and with four strings six thousand — all the tunes in the world. But

you are nothing but a poor, one-stringed fiddle now. I can't do much with you unless you have more strings."

"Well, I want some more strings," said the fiddle.

At that I put the fiddle back into the barrel and went downstairs.

"What was that noise up garret?" asked the children.

"Oh," said I, "I was playing on father's old, one-stringed fiddle."

"Where is it? Bring it down," they said.

So I told my boy where it was and let him bring it down. And I heard the fiddle say: "Now this is something like. I shall see something of life. Now I'll have a good time."

And as it came into the warm parlor it made a noise on its one string like the purring of a cat. The fiddle was contented for as much as a minute and lay on its back on the table, looking round with its four black pegs of eyes on each side of its throat, and really seemed quiet and satisfied.

I talked with the children about the tunes that the old fiddle had played, and as long as I talked about it the fiddle purred. Then I played the five-note tune for the children and they said:

"Is that all?"

Then a young lady sat down at my piano and played a splendid march. And the fiddle stopped purring and tried to twist off behind a pile of books out of sight and said:

"Play on me. Make noises on me like that."

"Why, I can't," said I. "Just see!"

So I opened the piano and showed the discontented fiddle more than two hundred strings in the piano and more than eighty hammers to strike these strings. "You haven't strings enough to sound like the piano. You can't be a piano, if you try."

"Well, what can I be?"

"Only a fiddle."

"Am I a fiddle now?"

"Not much! You have but one string, and that the lowest, the G string. You need a D string and an A string and an E string, and when I have time I will get them for you. But nobody can make much out of you as long as you have but one string."

"Well," said the fiddle, "if I can't be a piano I don't want to be anything."

And snap went the old rusty G string, and down fell the bridge, and there lay the fiddle, like a sulky boy that has just thrown his book into the corner and doesn't want to be a man.

"Well," said I, "some of the finest music in the

world I have heard from violins. For when a fiddle has grown up, and has four strings, and behaves itself, we call it a violin. One string is better than nothing; but if you choose to lie there I can't do anything for you. Here, my son, take it up garret again and put it in the barrel."

As they went up the stairs the sound-post got loose and rattled round in the bowels of the fiddle. "I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" And so the fiddle went upstairs and was forgotten.

"Mamma, what shall I do? I don't know what to do."

"Don't you want something to eat?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, do you want to play marbles?"

"I can't play marbles."

"Well, here, take this towel and learn to sew, and I will give you two cents if you hem the towel."

"I don't want to sew. I'm not a girl."

"Well, what do you *want* to do?"

"I want to do something. What shall I do?"

Then mamma burst out laughing and said: "You are nothing but a one-stringed fiddle, and we shall have to put you in the barrel, upstairs in the garret, unless you get more strings to your fiddle. The only things you like to do are to eat and sleep, and when you

have eaten yourself full you don't want anything except something more to taste good. Now you would better get some more strings to your fiddle."

And the boy opened his big eyes and said: "Strings to my fiddle? I wished I had 'em."

"Well," said mamma, "reading is one string. When people have learned to read, they can enjoy hours and days and weeks and years, and have gentle music every minute, and be just as happy as the days are long. Work is another string. If you learn to be a carpenter, or a mason, or a machinist, or a cabinet-maker, and learn to do your work well, it will keep you contented as long as you live. Drawing is another string. If you learn to draw well with a pencil or with a pen, you can go through life and see pictures all day and draw them all night. Writing is another string. Sewing is another string, cooking is another and making garden is another. Every time you learn to do anything, and learn to do it well, it is one more string to your fiddle. And when you have as many strings as a piano, you will have a new tune for every hour in the day. But if you have but one string, a G string — a glutton string — you will soon get through that tune, and there is no place for you except the barrel up garret. The more you can do the happier you will be." "For unto every one that hath shall be

given, and he shall have abundance. But from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Snap! goes his one string, and off goes the fiddle to be thrown among the rubbish. "I don't care! I don't care!" Yes, but he does care. For it is better to be a violin, full of all music, than a one-stringed fiddle, thrown away and forgotten.

THOMAS K. BEECHER

From *In Time with the Stars*

THOMAS KINNICUT BEECHER, an American clergyman, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, 1824. He was a son of Lyman Beecher and brother of Henry Ward Beecher, the famous clergyman and orator. For very many years he was pastor of a church in Elmira, New York.

FAULTS AND VIRTUES

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.

JOHN RUSKIN

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,

Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard half the chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughs a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, the celebrated English poet, was born near London in 1812 and died at Venice, Italy, in 1889. His poetical writings fill several volumes, but little that he has written would be understood or enjoyed by children of this grade. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, a poetess of renown.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, — "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed —
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt

James Henry Leigh Hunt, an English essayist and poet, was born near London in 1784 and died in 1859. His best known works are essays, the poem "Story of Rimini," and his autobiography.

THE FIDDLE-BOW OF THE NIX

Once there was a little boy named Frieder, who had neither father nor mother. He was a picturesque child, so that when he played in the street in front of his door people used to stop and ask, "Whose child is it?" The surly old woman who was bringing him up on thin broth and abundant scoldings used to answer: "He is an orphan child, and better would it be for him if the good God would take him to himself in heaven." Frieder, however, had no longing for heaven; he was quite well pleased here, and he grew up like the red-topped thistles behind his foster mother's house. He had no playmates. While the other boys of the village bathed in the mill stream and sailed little canoes, or romped in the hay, Frieder used to sit on the hillside and whistle bird calls to the birds.

While thus busied one day, old Claus, the bird

catcher, ran across him. He was so pleased with the lovely child that a friendship grew up between them, and from this time on the twain were frequently to be seen before the bird catcher's hut sitting sociably together, like two old war comrades. Claus not only knew how to tell marvelous stories of the woods, but he also could play the violin and instructed Frieder in the art; after which he gave him an old patched-up fiddle for a birthday gift. The pupil did great credit to his teacher, for before a month elapsed he could play "O thou dear Augustine," "Good moon, thou goest so still," and "When Grandfather married Grandmother." The old bird catcher was deeply impressed by this performance and prophesied thus: "Frieder, listen to me! If God spares my life, I shall see you yet the first violinist at the church fair."

When Frieder was fifteen years old, the neighbors all gathered together and talked him over. It was time, they said, that he learned something practical in order to support himself in the world. They asked him what he would like to be, but when he answered, "A musician," the people clasped their hands and were shocked. But out of the crowd stepped a well-respected man, who took the young fellow by the hand and said with dignity: "I will see if I cannot make something

sensible out of him." At this the people crowded about in a circle and congratulated Frieder upon finding such an instructor.

He was indeed no common person. He cut the peasants' beards and hair, applied the cupping glass, and pulled their sick teeth (often, too, their well ones). He was the barber of the place, and the people never called him anything but "Doctor."

That very day Frieder marched into the house of his new master, and at evening began his duties by bringing his employer's beer from the inn. Gradually he learned to lather, to strop razors, and whatever usually belongs to the business. His master was pleased with him, but the violin playing in which Frieder eagerly indulged in his spare moments was an offense to the barber, for he counted it among the unprofitable arts.

A few years passed. The day approached when Frieder was to do his journeyman's piece of work. If that was done to the satisfaction of his master, then he might go out into the world as a journeyman and seek his fortune. The journeyman's task, however, consisted in shaving his master's beard, and that was no joke.

The important day came. The barber sat in the chair, with the white cloth about his neck, and leaned

back his head. Frieder lathered his double chin, sharpened the razor, and began the work.

Suddenly, however, some string and wind instruments began playing before the house; a bear tamer was going by. When the young man heard the music it ran to his hand, and he sawed on his master's cheek a bloody cut reaching from ear to nostril.

Oh poor Frieder! The chair upon which the barber sat fell backward to the floor. The bleeding man furiously sprang up and gave his pupil a sounding box on the ear. Then he tore open the door, motioned with his forefinger to the blue air, and cried: "Go! Go to the worthless cuckoo, you Good-for-nothing!"

Then Frieder packed his things together, took his fiddle under his arm, and went to the cuckoo. The cuckoo lived in the wood in an oak, and, as it happened, was at home when Frieder addressed him. He listened patiently to the end of the young man's story, and then he shrugged his wings and said: "Young friend, if I helped all who were sent to me I should have nothing else to do. The times are hard, and I ought to be happy that I have suitably provided for my own children. The eldest I have put in charge of the wag-tail family; the second, neighbor Redstart has taken into his house; the third child, a

girl, is in charge of an old hedge-sparrow, and a wren cares for the two smallest. I have to bestir myself from morning till night to live decently myself. For the last fourteen days I have fed upon hairy caterpillars, but this sort of food is not for you. No, I cannot help you, — much as I would like to do it."

Then Frieder hung his head sadly, said farewell to the cuckoo, and started away. He had not gone far, however, when the cuckoo called after him: "Stop, Frieder! A good idea occurs to me. Perhaps I can help you. Come with me." As he spoke he stretched his wings and flew before the boy, to show the way.

Frieder had difficulty in following his guide, for the underbrush was thick, and there were also thorn bushes all about. Finally, however, there was a light between the trees and gleaming water appeared.

"Here we are," said the cuckoo, and lighted on an alder. Before the young fellow lay a dark green fish-pond which was fed by a shimmering waterfall. Reeds and iris stood on the banks, and water lilies with great leaves floated on the surface.

"Now give heed," said the knowing bird; "when the sun goes down and the mist of the waterfall shines in seven colors, then the Nix rises from the bottom of the pond, where he has a crystal palace, and sits on the

bank. Then do not be afraid, but speak to him. The rest you will find out for yourself."

Frieder thanked the cuckoo, who flew with flapping wings into the wood.

When on the waterfall the seven rainbow colors shone, the Nix really did come from the depths. He had on a little red coat and a white collar. His hair was green and hung down over his shoulders like a tangled mane. He seated himself on a stone which stood up over the mirror of the pool, let his feet hang in the water, and began to comb his hair with his fingers. It was wearisome work, for in the tangle were water weeds and little snails, and the Nix screwed his face up with pain as he pursued the task of smoothing out his hair.

"This is the right instant to address the little water fairy," thought Frieder. So he took courage, stepped out from the alder thicket which had concealed him, took off his hat, and said, "Good evening, Sir Nix."

At the first sound of his voice the Nix plunged into the water like a frightened fish. Soon, however, he stretched up his head again and said in an unfriendly way, "What do you want?"

"By your leave, Sir Nix," Frieder went on, "I am a trained barber, and it would be a great honor if you would allow me to comb your hair for you."

"Ah," said the Nix, delighted, rising from the water,

"you come just in time. What weariness and trouble I have over my hair since the Lorelei,[1] my aunt, was so base! Have I not done everything for the thankless person? Yet one morning she is gone, and my golden comb is also gone, and now she sits, I hear, on a rock in the Rhine, and has an affair with a boatman in a little boat. The golden comb will soon be squandered away."

With these words the Nix took his place on the stone. Frieder took out his barber's bag, bound a white cloth about the water fairy's neck, and combed his hair so that it shone like silk. Then he made a perfectly straight parting which went from forehead to neck, took off the cloth, and made a bow as he had learned from his master. The Nix stood up and looked at himself in the water, much pleased. "What do I owe you?" he asked then.

Frieder had the usual reply, "What you please," on his lips, but it occurred to him just in time that one should seize the right instant and strike while the iron is hot. Therefore he cleared his throat and related his story to the Nix.

"So you would like to be a player, would you?" asked the Nix when Frieder became silent. "Just take up your fiddle and let me hear a little of your art."

Then the young fellow took his violin, sounded the

[1] A bewitching siren about whom many strange stories are told.

chords, and played his best piece, "When Grandfather married Grandmother," and as he finished with a delicate flourish he looked expectantly at the Nix. The fairy grinned, however, and said, "Now listen to me." Then he reached down into the reeds and drew out a violin and bow, placed them in position, and began to play.

Nothing like this had poor Frieder ever heard. First it sounded as if the evening breeze played among the rushes, then it sounded like the rushing of a waterfall, and finally like a gently flowing stream. The birds in the branches were hushed, the bees stopped their humming, and the fishes lifted their heads from the pool to listen to the sweet tones. The boy, however, had bright tears in his eyes.

"Sir Nix," he cried, with outstretched hands, as the water-man stilled his bow, "O Nix, take me under your teaching."

"That will not do," answered the Nix. "It will not do, on account of my grown-up daughters. But it is of no consequence. If you will give me your comb you shall be a violinist without a peer."

"My whole barber's outfit, if you wish," cried Frieder, and he held it out to the water-fay. The Nix snatched the proffered bag and instantly vanished into the pond.

"Stop! stop!" cried the young man, but his cries were in vain. He waited an hour, he waited two, but the Nix was not to be seen.

Poor Frieder sighed deeply, for it was clear to him that the false water-fairy had betrayed him, and with a heavy heart he turned to go, — whither, he knew not. But there lying at his feet, at the edge of the pond, he saw the violin bow of the Nix. He stooped over, and when he held it in his hand he felt a shock which ran from his finger-tips to his shoulder blades, and it impelled him to try the bow.

"Good moon, thou goest so still!" he tried to play, but it seemed to him as if an invisible force directed his hand; tones gushed from the strings, sweeter and more silvery than Frieder had ever heard except shortly before when the Nix had played to him. The birds came fluttering down and sat listening in the boughs, the fish sprang up from the water, and out of the wood stole the stags and deer and shyly gazed at the player.

And Frieder knew not what had happened to him. All that went through his soul and all that moved in his heart found its way into his hand, and out of his hand into his playing, and poured out in sweet melody.

Out of the pond rose the Nix and nodded approvingly. Then he disappeared and was seen no more.

And Frieder walked, playing, out of the woods, and journeyed through all the kingdoms of the earth, and played before kings and emperors. Gold poured into his hat, and he would have become a very rich man if he had not been a true musician. But no real artist ever becomes rich.

His barber's outfit he had given away; therefore he let the hair of his head grow long like strong Samson of old. All other players imitated him, and they wear long disorderly hair from that time even to this day.

Translated from the German
By Mabel W. S. Call

O WAD SOME POWER

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
An' foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

Robert Burns

A DOG THAT COULD COUNT

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog and lived in the Highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west his master would say to his dog, "Bring the cows home"; and it was because the dog did this task so well that he was called Fetch. He would run to a flat rock and hold his ear down close to it, having learned that he could thus catch the far-off tinkle of the cow-bells better than in any other way. If he could not hear them he would range about until he did, and then he was off like a shot in the direction of the sound.

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered, shady, and grassy nooks he at last gathered all the cattle into a mountain road, leading to the distant barnyard.

Switching off the flies with their tails, the cows jogged slowly homeward, the tinkle of their bells

gradually becoming more and more distinct to the milkmaid who was awaiting them. One of the cows was known to be a little perverse, and on that evening she gave fresh evidence of wilfulness. One part of the road ran through a low, moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this the cow pushed her way and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch. He was panting from his exertions in the hot evening, his tongue lolling from his mouth as he slowly and languidly pursued his way.

Indeed he had quite discarded his usual vigilance, and the perverse cow took advantage of it.

As the cows approached the barnyard gate he quickened his pace and hurried forward, as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and standing on his hind feet peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it. Before very long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and

soon Fetch appeared bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace, hastening her on by frequently leaping up and catching her ear in his teeth. The gate was again thrown open and the cow, shaking her head from the pain of the dog's rough reminders, was led through it in a way that she did not soon forget. Fetch looked after her a moment with the air of one remarking to himself, "You'll not try that trick again," and then he lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

E. P. Roe

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold
    A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
    Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth

Redrawn from the painting by Powell

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS

DON GOMEZ
HIS SECRETARY

DON GOMEZ. *What!* what is this you tell me? Columbus returned? A *new* world discovered? Impossible!

SECRETARY. It is even so, sir. A courier arrived at the palace but an hour since with the intelligence. Columbus was driven by stress of weather to anchor in the Tagus. All Portugal is in a ferment of enthusiasm, and all Spain will be excited soon. The sensation is prodigious.

DON G. Oh! it is a trick! It must be a trick!

SEC. But he has brought home the proofs of his visit; gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals; and, above all, specimens of a new race of men, copper colored, with straight hair.

DON G. Still I say, a trick! He has been coasting along the African shore, and there collected a few curiosities, which he is passing off for proofs of his pretended discovery.

SEC. It is a little singular that all his men should be leagued with him in keeping up so unprofitable a falsehood.

DON G. But 'tis against reason — against common sense — that such a discovery should be made.

SEC. King John of Portugal has received him with royal magnificence — has listened to his accounts, and is persuaded that they are true.

DON G. We shall see — we shall see. Look you, sir, a plain, matter-of-fact man, such as I, is not to be taken in by any such ridiculous story. This vaunted discovery will turn out no discovery at all.

SEC. The king and queen have given orders for preparations on the most magnificent scale for the reception of Columbus.

DON G. What delusion! Her Majesty is so credulous! A practical, common-sense man, like myself, can find no points of sympathy in her nature.

SEC. The Indians on board the returned vessels are said to be unlike any known race of men.

DON G. Very unreliable all that! I take the common-sense view of the thing. I am a matter-of-fact man; and do you remember what I say — it will all turn out a trick! The crews may have been deceived. Columbus may have steered a southerly course, instead of a westerly. Anything is probable rather than that a coast to the westward of us has been discovered.

SEC. I saw the courier, who told me he had conversed with all the sailors; and they laughed at the suspicion that there could be any mistake about the discovery, or that any other than a westerly course had been steered.

DON G. Still I say, a trick! An unknown coast reached by steering west? — Impossible! The earth a globe, and men standing with their heads down in space? — Folly! An ignorant sailor from Genoa in the right, and all our learned doctors and philosophers in the wrong? — Nonsense! I'm a matter-of-fact man, sir. I will believe what I can see and handle and understand. But as for believing in the antipodes — or that the earth is round — or that Columbus has discovered land to the west — Ring the bell, sir — call my carriage — I will go to the palace and undeceive the king.

MADAME VINET

From original illustrations by Edward Lear

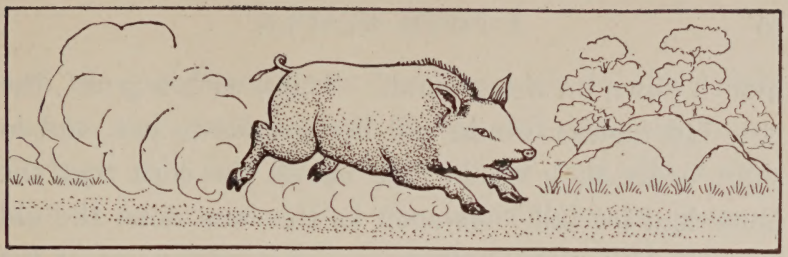
NONSENSE VERSES

THERE was an Old Man with a nose,
Who said, "If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long, you are certainly wrong!"
That remarkable Man with a nose.

There was an Old Man who said "How
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."

There was an Old Man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed,
But some very large rats ate his coats and his hats
While that futile old Gentleman dozed.

EDWARD LEAR



ABOUT PIGS

Some years ago, away down in Appalachicola, there was an old and steady dray-horse. He had his three meals a day at regular hours and did his work between. His stable was not very tight, and for the most time the door stood open, so that light, air, and pigs could go in and out.

About the lot was an old sow with a fine litter of pigs, — little pigs, just the size for roasters. Of course there was an odd number of pigs, for who ever saw an *even* number in one litter?

Well, when the horse began his breakfast of corn on the cob, the old sow would call her piggies up to the stable door, and then herself go in and watch till the horse had gnawed off a mouthful of corn; then, just as he would raise his head to chew, she would nip his leg with her teeth. The horse would lay back his ears and open his mouth and bite at her. She would dodge him, and the corn would all fall out of his open

mouth down on the ground. Then, with a grunt, the cute old mother would call her piggies to eat, and in short order they would pick up all the corn that the horse had let fall. As soon as this was done the old sow would go among them, and root them out of the stall, and tumble them over and over, away from the horse's heels, and out of the door; then she would watch her chance to fool old Bonnie out of another pint of corn. As soon as he would get his mouth well filled again, she would nip his legs, and he would bite at her and she dodge, and down would come the corn. "Ahigh! oorourugh!" calls out the old mother, and the piglets would come scrabbling in to pick up her winnings.

And so it went on, day after day. Regularly as the horse was fed, the sow was on hand to fool him and get a living for her family. She had a cunning twinkle in her little eyes, and seemed to think the horse was a great, big, good-natured fool, and that she was smart enough to fool him. And this is my horse-pig story. What do you think of it?

Perhaps you don't know as much of pigs as you might. Pigs don't usually have any very great chance of education, and so they don't show off to advantage. I once read of a learned pig who could pick out any card from a pack, any card you might choose to name,

and he could return six handkerchiefs to their right owners and stand on his hind legs and dance to music. Perhaps this last story may not be true, for I only read it in a book. But the horse-pig story is true; for the man who saw it again and again told me, and he is my brother, and so I am sure.

But pigs are not half so dirty as most folks think. If any of you boys will build a pig-pen as it should be, with a nice parlor and bedroom at one end, and a dining-room and back yard at the other, the pigs will "keep house" very nicely. They will keep the parlor and their bedroom straw smooth and clean. They will clean out their trough and very soon come to be very neat indeed in all their habits.

And if you watch the pigs you will find that they are very sure prophets of a coming storm. Little pigs especially run hither and thither and squeal and are very restless for an hour or two before the storm comes.

But still, pigs don't know everything. In Ohio, for instance, there was a thin, hungry old poacher, that used to get into a cornfield every night regularly, much to the annoyance of the farmer. His fences were all good and tight, and how she managed to get in was a mystery. So the farmer lay in wait one night and watched. Sure enough, along came Mrs.

Pig and crept through a long, hollow log, which lay as a sort of bottom rail of the fence.

"Aha!" thought the farmer. "I'll puzzle you now, my long-nosed lady!"

So he drove her out of the field and just twisted or shoved the hollow log around a little, so that both ends of it should be outside the fence.

The next night he watched again. Up comes Mrs. Pig and goes straight into the log, and out again at the other end, and begins to look for her corn, but finds only a fence, and herself on the wrong side of it!

She stopped and thought about it, concluded there was some mistake, and so would try it over. Into the log she crept, and squeezed along through, and came out as before, on the wrong side of the fence. This was too much.

She grunted her amazement and ran off as hard as she could leg it, fears of magic and witchcraft driving her. No wonder! Who wouldn't be puzzled to crawl through a fence and come out on the same side one went in at?

When a drove of pigs have to swim across a river, they work so hard, and strike so hard and fast with their fore legs, that they sometimes cut their own throats badly.

No matter how stupid a pig may be, no matter how thick and tough his snout becomes, he is never fool enough to pick up tobacco, even when mixed with corn. A pig is never fool enough to "chew."

But a pig can't sneeze.

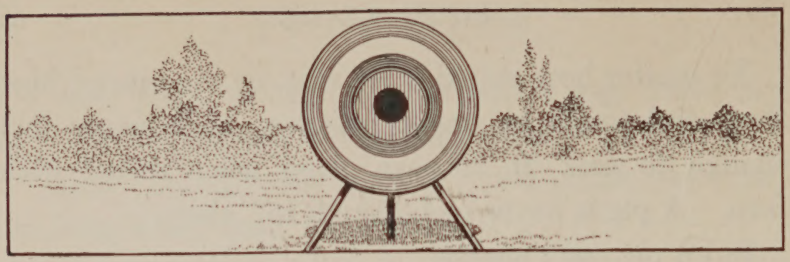
THOMAS K. BEECHER

From *In Time with the Stars*
By Permission of Fleming H. Revell

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



LOCKSLEY,[1] THE ARCHER

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of the twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith [2] it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that, when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

[1] Robin Hood.

[2] Since

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He

was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate[1] knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can do but his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow lighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert, a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the center, in the center! A Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince with an insulting smile.

[1] Renegade; a wanderer.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood round were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the Devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other. "Such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country, and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please. I go but to cut a rod from the next willowbush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame, shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to

peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's [1] Round Table, which held sixty knights around it. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or, rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin,[2] and not to any

[1] The famous king of Britain about whom so much romance has been woven; supposed to have lived at the time of the Saxon invasion, and to have died at Glastonbury, 542. About him cluster the Arthurian legends so celebrated in English literature, which Tennyson has woven into such exquisite grace in his Idylls of the King (see, also, Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur). The Round Table was, according to story, of marble, large and circular in form, made by the wizard Merlin, and became Arthur's through his wife Guinevere. Each knight had his seat at it, and his name upon it in gold letters.

[2] A close-fitting jacket.

human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat-straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed, and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own. We will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service

with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person; for never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

WALTER SCOTT

From *Ivanhoe*

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the famous Scottish novelist and poet, was born in Edinburgh in 1771 and died in 1832. His Waverley Novels, taking their name from the first of the series, place him in the front rank of great writers of fiction. His Scottish poems, "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," etc., are known wherever English is spoken.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A STORY OF HOLLAND

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,

And thought of her husband, working hard
  At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
  And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
  And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
  With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
  In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
  They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
  In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
  With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
  And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
  Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
  Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
  And eyes as bright as the day

With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place —
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,

And across the dike, while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know

The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.

And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

PHŒBE CARY

PHŒBE CARY, an American poetess, was born near Cincinnati in 1824 and died in 1871. She wrote many poems and essays and a few widely known hymns. Her sister, Alice Cary, was also a well-known writer.

DARE TO DO RIGHT

THE little schoolboys went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?" "Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washstand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all."

And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washstand and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing and put on his night-gown. He then looked around more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor, little, lonely boy. However, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three big boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the

boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling. "If any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old janitor had put out the candle in another minute and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual, "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom the little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give

himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the Schoolhouse at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed until the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest someone should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was

brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor, weak, little boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the Devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Squaretoes" and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would be left alone with the new boy; whereas, it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I

not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow that impulse which had been so strong and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say, — the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room, — what were they all thinking of him?

He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart, — the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole out-

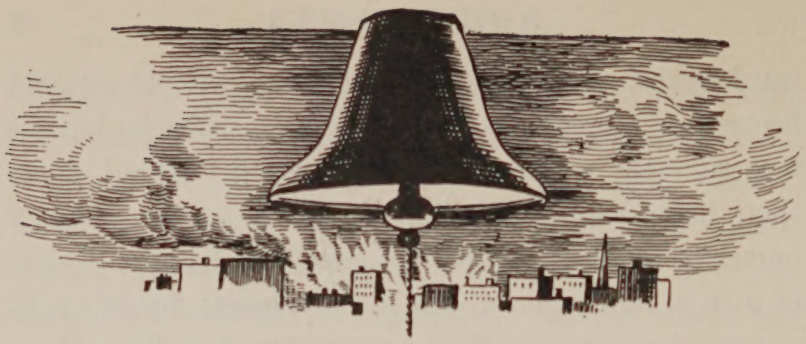
ward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave at Mount Horeb, when he hid his face and the still, small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" — that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this soon passed off, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

THOMAS HUGHES

From *Tom Brown at Rugby*

THOMAS HUGHES, an English author, reformer, and politician, was born in Berkshire, England, in 1823. He was educated at the famous school for boys at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford University. His best known book, "Tom Brown's School-Days," is an account of schoolboy life at Rugby.



THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a terror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging.

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls:
And their King it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE, a noted American poet and story writer, was born at Boston, 1809, and died at Baltimore, 1849. His poems, with their rare musical quality, and his dramatic tales have made him one of the most famous of American writers.

REPUTATION

IF he write a better book preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his home in a wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

Attributed to RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ALICE AND THE WHITE KNIGHT

ALICE's thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and a Knight, dressed in crimson armor, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her the horse stopped suddenly. "You're my prisoner," the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle he began once more "You're my —" but here another voice broke in "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check," and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice's side and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done. Then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

"She's *my* prisoner, you know!" the Red Knight said at last.

"Yes, but then *I* came and rescued her!" the White Knight replied.

"Well, we must fight for her, then," said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle and was something in shape of a horse's head) and put it on.

"You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?" the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

"I always do," said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

"I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are," she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place. "One Rule seems to be that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse, and if he misses, he tumbles off himself — and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy. What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off just as if they were tables!"

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads, and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they got up again, they

shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up, panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood — and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however, she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armor, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight said, in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention —

From the illustration by John Tenniel

ALICE AND THE WHITE KNIGHT

to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside down so that the rain can't get in."

"But the things can get *out*," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"In hope some bees may make a nest in it — then I should get the honey."

"But you've got a beehive — or something like one — fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good beehive," the Knight said in a discontented tone, "one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out — or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"I was wondering what the mouse trap was for," said Alice. "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight; "but if they *do* come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

"You see," he went on after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for *everything*. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet."

"But what are they for?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"To guard against the bites of sharks," the Knight replied. "It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood."

. . . . . .

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off.

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said, anxiously. "You see the wind is so *very* strong here. It's as strong as soup."

"Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?" Alice inquired.

"Not yet," said the Knight. "But I've got a plan for keeping it from *falling* off."

"I should like to hear it, very much."

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight. "Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs

down — things never fall *upward*, you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like."

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was *not* a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk *quite* so close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised and a little offended at the remark. "What makes you say that?" he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often when they've had much practice."

"I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely; "plenty of practice!"

Alice could think of nothing better to say than "Indeed?" but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on in silence a little way after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

"The great art of riding," the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep —" Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, "I hope no bones are broken?"

"None to speak of," the Knight said, as if he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. "The great art of riding, as I was saying, is — to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know —"

He let go the bridle and stretched out both his hands to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

"Plenty of practice!" he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. "Plenty of practice!"

"It's too ridiculous!" cried Alice, losing all her

patience this time. "You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!"

"Does that kind go smoothly?" the Knight asked, in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms around the horse's neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

"Much more smoothly than a live horse," Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. "One or two — several."

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. "I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?"

"You *were* a little grave," said Alice.

"Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate — would you like to hear it?"

"Very much indeed," Alice said politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet; the *head* is high enough already.' Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate — then the head's high enough — then I stand on my head — then the feet are high enough, you see — then I'm over, you see."

"Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done," Alice said thoughtfully; "but don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"I haven't tried it yet," the Knight said gravely, "so I can't tell for certain — but I'm afraid it *would* be a little hard."

He looked so vexed at the idea that Alice changed the subject hastily. "What a curious helmet you've got," she said cheerfully. "Is that your invention too?"

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better one than that — like a sugar loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse it always touched the ground directly. So I had a very little way to fall, you see. But there *was* the danger of falling *into* it, to be sure. That happened to me once — and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet."

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. "I'm afraid you must have hurt him," she said in a trembling voice, "being on top of his head."

"I had to kick him, of course," the Knight said, very seriously. "And then he took the helmet off

again — but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as — as lightning, you know."

"But that's a different kind of fastness," Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!" he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this and instantly rolled out of the saddle and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid he really *was* hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone. "All kinds of fastness," he repeated; "but it was careless of him to put another man's helmet on — with the man in it, too."

"How *can* you go on talking so quietly, head downward?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. "What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downward I am, the more I keep inventing new things. Now the cleverest thing of the

sort that I ever did," he went on after a pause, "was inventing a new pudding during the meat course."

"In time to have it cooked for the next course?" said Alice. "Well, that *was* quick work, certainly!"

"Well, not the *next* course," the Knight said in a slow, thoughtful tone. "No, certainly not the next *course*."

"Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding courses in one dinner?"

"Well, not the *next* day," the Knight repeated as before; "not the next *day*. In fact," he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, "I don't believe that pudding ever *was* cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a clever pudding to invent."

"What did you mean it to be made of?" Alice asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

"It began with blotting paper," the Knight answered with a groan.

"That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid —"

"Not very nice *alone*," he interrupted, quite eagerly; "but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things — such as gunpowder and sealing wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled; she was thinking of the pudding.

"You are sad," the Knight said in an anxious tone. "Let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but it's very, *very* beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it — either it brings the tears into their eyes, or else —"

"Or else what?" said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called *Haddocks' Eyes.*"

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" Alice said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is *called.* The name really is *The Aged Aged Man.*"

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the *song* is called?'" Alice corrected herself.

"No, you oughtn't; that's quite another thing! The *song* is called *Ways and Means;* but that's only what it's *called,* you know!"

"Well, what *is* the song, then?" said Alice, who by this time was completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The

song really *is A-Sitting on the Gate;* and the tune's my own invention."

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck; then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle foolish face as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey "Through the Looking Glass" this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterward she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday — the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight — the setting sun gleaming through his hair and shining on his armor in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her — the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet — and the black shadows of the forest behind — all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leaned against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half-dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

. . . . . .

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad he gathered up the reins and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill and

over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen. But you'll stay and see me off first?" he added, as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I sha'n't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road? I think it'll encourage me, you see."

"Of course I'll wait," said Alice; "and thank you very much for coming so far — and for the song — I liked it very much."

"I hope so," the Knight said doubtfully; "but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. "It won't take long to see him *off*, I expect," Alice said to herself, as she stood watching him. "There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily — that comes of having so many things hung round the horse." So she went on talking to herself as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then she waved her handkerchief to him and waited till he was out of sight.

"I hope it encouraged him," she said, as she turned to run down the hill.

LEWIS CARROLL

From *Through the Looking Glass*

THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN

O THE night was dark and the night was late,
And the robbers came to rob him;
And they picked the locks of his palace gate,
The robbers that came to rob him —
They picked the locks of his palace gate,
Seized his jewels and gems of state,
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate, —
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red! —
For of what had the robbers robbed him? —
Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,
When the robbers came to rob him, —
They robbed him not of a golden shred
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head —
"And they're welcome to all things else," he said,
When the robbers came to rob him.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, an American poet and dialect writer, was born in Indiana in 1852. He is best known for his delightful verses about children and his poems in the "Hoosier" dialect.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts and coined all the money that was made there. His was a new line of business, for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. Those coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of currency money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Thereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and the tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and the silver hilts of swords that had figured at court — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each shilling had the date, 1652, on one side, and a pine tree stamped on the other. Hence, they were called pine-tree

shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of grandfather's chair; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell

fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in grandfather's chair, and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-laced waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out

of pure love and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as grocers used for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his men servants, "bring that box hither." The box was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest. The servants could not lift it, and were obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold, it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all

the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the celebrated American novelist, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804 and died in 1864. He is considered one of the greatest of American writers. "Twice-told Tales," "Tanglewood Tales," and the "Wonder Book" are delightful reading for children of this grade.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,

And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,

He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE GREAT WINTER

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickles' men, who had been out all night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And there it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the water-courses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw pit newly used.

However, we trudged along in a line; I[1] first, and the other men after me; trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning, certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife, and blessing his children. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us

[1] John Ridd, a yeoman of wonderful physical strength, is talking. He is the real hero of the novel from which this episode is taken.

very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering and some laughing, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow as high as a barn and as broad as a house. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with barbs of frost.

Although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all); yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mound had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there and his business taken from him.

We four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shoveling away at the great white

pile and pitching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft cold flux, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him, in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked indeed for the lives of us), and all converging toward the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all, or declared that they heard nothing being anxious now to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said: "Go if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself!" And upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen; and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other when it comes to lasting out.

Before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber, and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah" coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was — to wit, the most valiant of all the wethers. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out.

Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him.

Then fighting Tom jumped up at once and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep, packed as closely as if they were in a great pie.

"However shall we get 'em home?" John Fry asked when we had cleared about a dozen of them.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment and the sheep came rubbing 'round us. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they are. Watch! here boy, keep them."

Watch came, with his little tail cocked as sharp as duty, and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great center.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled, like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper sheppey, and set them inside, and fastened them. Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening.

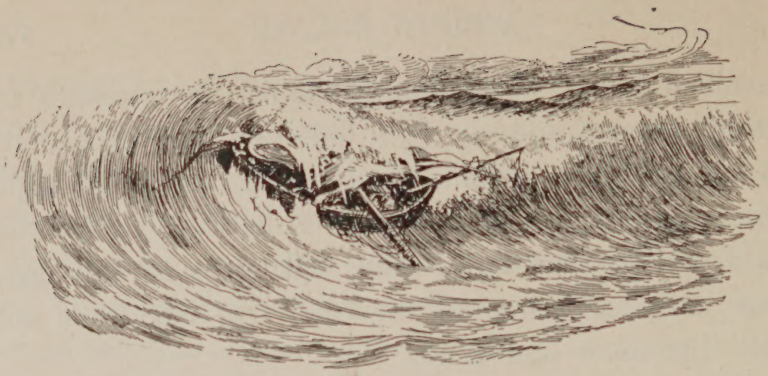
No other man should meddle with them. I was

resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements; and try it I did — ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me as the struggle grew harder; but rather would I die than yield; and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day, but none can tell what the labor was who have not felt that snow and wind.

R. D. BLACKMORE

From *Lorna Doone*

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, an English lawyer and novelist, was born in Berkshire, England, in 1825. "Lorna Doone," from which this extract is taken, is one of the most celebrated of English novels.



THE SHIPWRECK

I PUT up at an old inn at Yarmouth and went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea foam, afraid of falling slates, and holding by people I met at angry corners.

Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town lurking behind buildings; some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety.

Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking

their heads as they looked from water to sky and muttering to one another. Even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveled their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high, watery walls came rolling in and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town.

As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out a deep cave in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.

Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound.

Every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place and beat another shape

and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and quick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people, I made my way to his house. It was shut, and as no one answered my knocking, I went, by back ways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned that he had gone to Lowestoft to meet some sudden exigency of ship repairing in which his skill was required, but that he would be back tomorrow morning in good time.

I went back to the inn and when I had washed and dressed and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire when the waiter, coming in to stir it, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away, and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads and trying in great distress to keep off shore.

If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea were more fearful than in the morning.

But there was now a great darkness besides, and

that invested the storm with new terrors real and fanciful. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

When I awoke it was broad day — eight or nine o'clock; the storm was raging and someone was knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase, and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, it was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but the wind and waves, and in the crowd and the unspeakable confusion and my first breathless efforts to stand against

the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A half-dressed boatman standing next to me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then I saw it close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off six or eight feet from the deck and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat — which she did without a moment's pause and with a violence quite inconceivable — beat the side as if it would stave it in.

Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes.

But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys into the broiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the

same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again.

I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long.

There was a bell on board, and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned on her beam ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang and its sound was borne toward us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. The lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago and could do nothing, and as no man would be so desperate as to wade off with a rope and establish communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try.

All at once I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach and saw them part and Ham coming breaking through them to the front. I ran to him, held him back with both arms, and implored the men not to let him stir from off that sand! I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay,

urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined; but I saw them hurrying on the beach and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me.

Then I saw him standing alone in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding at a little distance to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore at his feet.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt, but he took no thought of that. He

seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship. He seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible, dead.

He was carried to the nearest house and no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

CHARLES DICKENS

From *David Copperfield*

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever the wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savéd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
God save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the American poet, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College and was later a professor there. He left his professorship at Bowdoin to take up similar work at Harvard College. The list of his poetical works of importance is too long to be given here, but "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn" should be familiar to every American boy and girl.

A WINTER'S RIDE

Part I

There had been a tremendous fall of snow, which a furious wind, lasting two days and the night between, had drifted into great mounds, so that the shape of the country was much altered with new heights and hollows. Even those who were best acquainted with them could only guess at the direction of some of the roads, and it was the easiest thing in the world to lose the right track, even in broad daylight. It was many days before vehicles could pass and coach communication be resumed between the towns.

Early one afternoon, just as I came home from school, my father received a message that a certain laird was at the point of death, and very anxious to see him. Now when I saw my father preparing to set out, I begged to be allowed to go with him. My father hesitated, looked out at the sky, and hesitated still.

"I hardly know what to say, Ranald. If I were sure of the weather — but I am very doubtful. However, if it should break up, we can stay there all night. Yes. Here, Allister, run and tell Andrew to saddle both the mares and bring them down directly. Make haste with your dinner, Ranald."

Delighted at the prospect, I did make haste. In half an hour we were mounted and on our way.

In the course of two hours or so we arrived at the dwelling of the old laird.

The house stood upon a bare knoll. There was not a tree within sight. Rugged hills arose on all sides of it. For miles in any direction those gusts might wander without shaking door or window, or carrying with them a puff of smoke from any hearth. As we dismounted on a few feet of rough pavement, an old woman came to the door and led us into a dreary parlor without even a fire to welcome us.

After we had remained standing for some time the housekeeper invited my father to go to the laird's room. As they went, he asked her to take me to the kitchen. On her return she took me to the kitchen, where the sight of the fire, although it was of the smallest, was most welcome.

I had become quite warm before my father, who seemed very solemn, stepped into the kitchen and

stood up with his back to the fire. The old woman set him a chair, but he neither sat down nor accepted the refreshment which she humbly offered him.

"We must be going," he objected, "for it looks stormy, and the sooner we set out the better."

We were only about half-way home when the clouds began to cover the moon and the snow began to fall. We pressed our horses, and they went bravely, but it was slow work at the best. It became darker and darker, for the clouds went on gathering and the snow was coming down in huge dull flakes. My father, having great confidence in his own little mare, which had carried him through many a doubtful and difficult place, rode first. I followed close behind. But I had not a thought of fear. To be with my father was to me perfect safety.

He was in the act of telling me how, on more occasions than one, Missy had got him through places, where the road was impassable, by walking on the tops of walls, when all at once both our horses plunged into a gulf of snow. The more my mare struggled the deeper we sank in it. For a moment I thought it was closing over my head.

"Father! father!" I shouted.

"Don't be frightened, my boy," cried my father,

his voice seeming to come from far away. "We are in God's hands. I can't help you now, but as soon as Missy has got quieter I shall come to you. I think I know whereabouts we are. We've dropped right off the road. You're not hurt, are you?" "Not in the least," I answered. I was only frightened.

A few moments more and my mare lay, or rather stuck, quiet, with her neck and head thrown back and her body deep in the snow. I put up my hands to feel. It rose above my head farther than I could reach. I saw no way of getting out of the hole except by trampling down the snow upon the back of my poor mare, and that I could not think of; while I doubted much whether my father ever could tell in what direction to turn for help or shelter.

"Ranald," cried my father, "how do you get on?"

"Much the same, father," I answered.

"I'm out of the wreath," he returned. "We've come through on the other side. You are better where you are, I suspect, however. The snow is warmer than the air. It is beginning to blow."

Part II

All this time the snow was falling thick. If it went on like this, I should be buried before morning, and the fact that the wind was rising added to the danger of it. We were at the wrong end of the night too.

"I'm in a kind of ditch, I think, father," I cried, "between the place we fell off on one side and a stone wall on the other."

"That can hardly be, or I shouldn't have got out," he returned. "But now I've got Missy quiet, I'll come to you. I must get you out or you will be snowed up. Whoa, Missy! Good mare! Stand still."

The next moment he gave a joyous exclamation.

"What is it, father?" I cried.

"It's not a stone wall; it's a peat-stack. That *is* good. Where there's a peat-stack there's probably a house."

He began uttering a series of shouts at the top of his voice, listening between for a response. This lasted a good while. I began to get very cold.

"I'm nearly frozen, father," I said; "and what's to become of the poor mare?"

"I'll get you out, my boy, and then at least you will be able to move about a little."

I heard him shoveling at the snow with his hands and feet.

"I've taken hold of one of the mare's ears," he said next. "I won't try to get her out until I get you off her."

I put out my hand and felt along the mare's neck. What a joy it was to catch my father's hand through the darkness and snow! The mare began plunging again, and by her struggles rather assisted my father. In a few moments he had me in his arms.

"Thank God!" he said, as he set me down against the peat-stack. "Stand there. A little farther. Keep well off for fear she may hurt you. She must fight her way out now."

He went back to the mare and went on clearing away the snow. Then I could hear him patting and encouraging her. Next I heard a great blowing and scrambling, and at last a snort and the thunder of hoofs.

"Whoa! Whoa! Gently! gently! She's off!" cried my father. Her mother gave one snort, and away she went thundering after her. "There's a business," said my father. "I'm afraid the poor things will only go farther to fare the worse. We are as well without them, however; and if they should find their way home, so much the better for us."

"Father," I said, "couldn't we make a hole in the peat-stack and build ourselves in?"

"A capital idea, my boy!" he answered. "We'll try it at once." We worked with a will, piling up the peats a little in front that we might with them build up the door of our cave after we were inside. We were quite merry over it.

Creeping in, we commenced building up the entrance. When at length we had, to the best of our ability, completed our work, we sat down to wait for the morning, my father as calm as if he had been seated in his study chair, and I in a state of condensed delight.

There I sat for long hours secure in my father's arms, and knew that the soundless snow was falling thick around us, and marked occasionally the threatening wail of the wind like the cry of a wild beast scenting us from afar. Full of inward repose, I fell asleep in his arms. When I awoke I found myself very cold. Then I became aware that my father was asleep, and for the first time began to be uneasy.

At length he stirred. "I'm afraid you feel very cold, Ranald. You must try not to go to sleep again, for that would be dangerous. I feel more cramped than cold."

As he said this, he extended his legs and threw his head back, to get rid of the uneasiness by stretching himself. The same moment down came a shower of

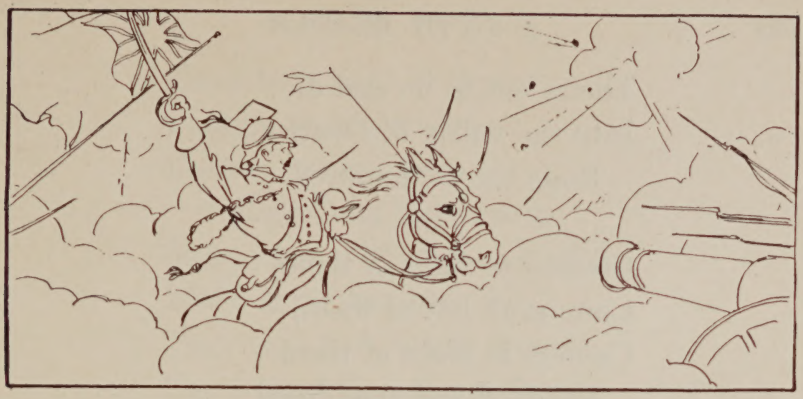
peats upon our heads and bodies, and when I tried to move I found myself fixed. I could not help laughing. With hands and feet my father struggled, but could not do much, for I lay against him under a great heap. His struggling made an opening sideways, however.

"Father! father! shout," I cried. "I see a light somewhere, and I think it is moving." We shouted as loud as we could, and then lay listening. My heart beat so that I was afraid I should not hear any reply that might come. But the next moment it rang through the frosty air.

GEORGE MACDONALD

Adapted from *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*

GEORGE MACDONALD, a Scottish clergyman, novelist, and poet, was born at Huntly, Scotland, in 1824. His many novels are not particularly interesting to young people, but his delightful fairy stories, one of which appears near the end of this reader, should be more widely known, and his stories for boys have been popular for many years.



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
  Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON, the celebrated English poet, was born in Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809, and died in Surrey in 1892. He succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate of England in 1850 and was later raised to the peerage. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. The list of his well-known poems is too long to give here, but "Locksley Hall," "In Memoriam," "Enoch Arden," and "Idylls of the King" are among the most famous.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting in the distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it and long weeds flaunted at its sides.

But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch

some casual intelligence of the rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is, that she sailed from her port "and was never heard of more."

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat in the cabin, round the dull light of a lamp, that made the gloom more ghastly, every-one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head and a con-stant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks.

"The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was sometime before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent — we never heard or saw anything of them more."

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR[1]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow

[1] The Old Stone Mill at Newport, R.I., and the finding some years ago of a skeleton in armor not far from Newport furnished Mr. Longfellow the material for this beautiful poem. If the teacher will make clear beforehand the meanings of the unusual words, there are few poems better adapted for emotional appreciation and expressive oral reading.

Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost a tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea
Soft eyes did gaze on me,

Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft

The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,

When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden, —
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore

Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars

My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
SKOAL! to the Northland! SKOAL!"
Thus the tale ended.

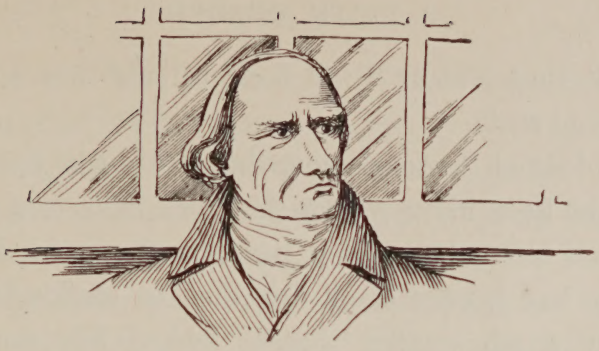
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE WIND AND THE SUN

A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun as to which was the stronger of the two; finally they agreed that whichever soonest made a traveler take off his cloak should be accounted the more powerful. The Wind began, and blew a blast, cold and fierce; but the stronger he blew the closer the traveler wrapped his cloak around him. Then broke out the Sun: with his welcome beams he dispersed the vapor and the cold; the traveler felt the genial warmth, and as the Sun shone brighter and brighter he sat down and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the Sun was declared the conqueror, and it has ever been deemed that persuasion is better than force.

ÆSOP



Redrawn from Cruickshank's illustration

OLD SCROOGE

ONCE upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal, and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already — it had not been light all day — and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have

thought that Nature lived hard by and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome, his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What

right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas,' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good it may do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I daresay," returned the nephew; "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time; when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time — the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

CHARLES DICKENS

From *A Christmas Carol*

RECESSIONAL

A VICTORIAN ODE

God of our fathers, known of old —
  Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
  The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away —
  On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

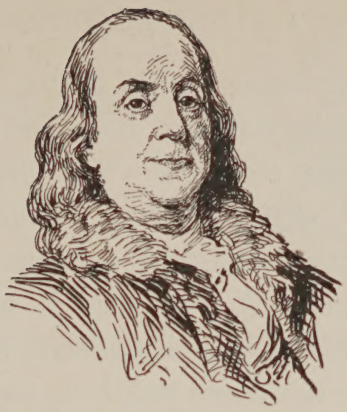
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! AMEN.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING, the English writer, was born at Bombay, India, in 1865. He lived for a time in Brattleboro, Vermont, and now lives in England. He has written many stories and poems, the best of them about army and East Indian life. Boys and girls of this grade should read "The Jungle Book."



Benjamin Franklin

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear. He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse. Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at others' expense. Some men grow mad by studying much to know; but who grows mad by studying good to grow?

Take this remark from Richard poor and lame, — Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame. The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise. He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals. Against diseases, know the strongest fence is the defensive virtue, abstinence. If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

A mob's a monster; with heads enough, but no brains. There is nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb. The discontented man finds no easy chair. When Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines. Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Old boys have playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price. If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

One today is worth two tomorrows. What maintains one vice would bring up two children. It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with contempt. Fly pleasures, and they will follow you.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From the design by Walter Crane

THE THREE DWARFS

PERSONS

WICKED STEPMOTHER
LENA — Her daughter
FRIEDA — Her stepdaughter
THE KING
1ST DWARF
2ND DWARF
3RD DWARF
SCULLION

ACT I

[*Place: a cottage in the woods. Time: winter. The cottage door opens and* FRIEDA *comes out, dressed in a paper gown. The* STEPMOTHER *follows, bringing a basket.*]

STEPMOTHER. There! At last you are dressed! Now take this basket and go and pick me a basket of strawberries.

FRIEDA. But strawberries cannot be found in win-

ter; the earth is all frozen and everything covered with snow. And why send me in a paper dress? The cold wind will whistle through it, and the brambles tear it from my body.

STEPMOTHER. How dare you contradict me! Be off with you at once, and don't show your face again till you have filled your basket with strawberries.

FRIEDA. I shall surely perish of cold and hunger!

STEPMOTHER [*giving her a hard crust of bread*]. That will do for you to eat. If you perish it is nothing to me. My darling daughter Lena will remain. [*Goes in cottage and shuts the door.*]

FRIEDA [*shivering*]. Alas! Where shall I look for strawberries in the dead of winter? However, I can only obey and do my best. [*Searches on the ground as she moves about.*]

Enter THREE DWARFS

1ST DWARF. How now! What have we here?

2ND DWARF. The girl has a sweet face. But let us test her and see if she is as good as she looks.

3RD DWARF [*to* FRIEDA]. I see you have a fine piece of bread. Will you not share it with three hungry little men?

FRIEDA. Oh, gladly! [*Breaks it and divides it among them.*]

1ST DWARF. Why are you so strangely dressed for the middle of winter?

FRIEDA. I think my stepmother hopes I will freeze and never come back. She has dressed me this way and sent me to gather a basket of strawberries.

2ND DWARF. Strawberries! In January!

3RD DWARF. Your stepmother, say you? How came your father to marry so cruel a woman?

FRIEDA. Oh, she did not always seem so cruel. She was a widow and her daughter Lena is just my age. One day Lena and I were playing together when her mother told me to go and tell my father she would marry him, then she would be kinder to me than to Lena.

1ST DWARF. And what did your father say?

FRIEDA. My father shook his head and said, "I don't know. Marriage is either a great success or it is a failure."

2ND DWARF. Then how did he decide?

FRIEDA. He finally pulled off his boot which had a hole in it. He told me to hang it on a nail and pour water in it. He said that if it held water he would marry, but if not he wouldn't.

3RD DWARF. Of course, though, the water all ran out.

FRIEDA. Only a little at first. Then the water drew the hole together so I filled it to the top.

1ST DWARF. Dear, dear!

2ND DWARF. So he married the woman!

3RD DWARF. And this is the way she treats you!

FRIEDA. The first day she was kinder to me than to Lena. The second day she treated us both alike — and ever since then she cannot pet Lena enough, but she seems to hate me more and more.

1ST DWARF. We will help you, for you have been kind and shared with us your last crust.

2ND DWARF. Yes, poor child! You shall find your berries. Only go a little further into the wood and you will find our cottage. Go in and warm yourself by the fire.

3RD DWARF. When you are quite comfortable take the broom and sweep away the snow by the back door. There you will find ripe red strawberries close to the ground.

FRIEDA. Thank you! Thank you, again and again! I will sweep up your cottage floor for you too.

[*Exit* FRIEDA.]

1ST DWARF. She is a nice, well-behaved girl. What good fortune shall we send her?

2ND DWARF. I will promise that she shall grow every day more beautiful.

3RD DWARF. And I that every time she opens her mouth to speak a gold piece shall drop from her lips.

1ST DWARF. Those are fine, brothers, though she is already beautiful with the beauty of a sweet nature, and her kind words are worth more than gold. But I will promise that a king's son shall marry her and make her happy. [*All run off capering and nodding delightedly.*]

Enter FRIEDA, *with basket filled with red strawberries.* STEPMOTHER *opens cottage door and* LENA *peers over her shoulder.*

STEPMOTHER. Well, here comes the laggard. You managed to find berries, didn't you? Another time I shall set you a harder task!

FRIEDA [*as she speaks gold pieces drop to the ground*]. I obeyed you, mother. [*Looks down at the gold in surprise.*] Some little dwarfs helped me. They must have bewitched my lips that they drop gold.

STEPMOTHER [*crouching and eagerly gathering the gold*]. Go in the house, Frieda. Don't you know better than to scatter good money in the snow? [*Exit* FRIEDA.] Deary me! We shall have to keep her now, whether or no, if she can make gold like this!

LENA. I expect Frieda will be proud and haughty now she can scatter gold about. Let me go and hunt for berries, mother. Perhaps the dwarfs will make my mouth drop diamonds.

STEPMOTHER. No, my dear little daughter. It is much too cold. It is freezing hard.

LENA. Please, mother! Indeed, I am going to anyway, whatever you say. I shall wrap up warm and I am sure my adventures will be finer than Frieda's.

STEPMOTHER. No, no! my dearest! You will freeze to death. [LENA *enters cottage and comes back putting on warm furs. Her mother helps her fasten her wraps.*] You always would have your own way, darling. But you have forgotten your basket, and you must have a fine lunch, too. Just wait on the doorstep a moment.

[*Enters cottage, leaving door open.*]

LENA [*fastening gloves*]. Oh, bother! Who wants to carry a heavy basket! [*Calling to mother within.*] Give me white bread with lots of butter. Oh! and jam too.

STEPMOTHER [*within*]. Yes, dearie.

LENA. Put in a big piece of plum cake, and some of the little frosted cakes.

STEPMOTHER [*reappearing with basket filled with lunch*]. There, precious! You will have to eat your lunch before you let the dwarfs fill your basket. And be sure to get all you can out of the dwarfs!

LENA [*crossly*]. Do stop talking and shut the door, can't you! I hate to be watched. [STEPMOTHER *goes in and closes the door.*] Now, then! What shall I do

first? Oo-oh, how cold it is! I believe I will sit right here and eat my lunch now. [*Sits down and begins to eat.*]

Enter THREE DWARFS

1ST DWARF. What a comfortable looking little lady!

2ND DWARF. Won't you give us a little of your nice breakfast?

3RD DWARF. We are very hungry. We have only had part of a crust of bread among us, all the morning.

LENA [*turning her back*]. Go away, whoever you are! I have hardly enough for myself.

1ST DWARF. Why are you sitting out here in the cold?

LENA. I am after strawberries. Not that it is any affair of yours!

2ND DWARF. Hm! A sharp-tongued girl! However, let us give her one more chance.

3RD DWARF. If you will go a little further into the wood you will find our cottage. There is a broom at the back door. Sweep away the snow from the path and you will find berries growing under the snow.

LENA. Do your own sweeping. I'm nobody's servant!

1ST DWARF. Aha! Here we have an evil, selfish heart and an unkind tongue.

2ND DWARF. What shall we do to her?

[LENA *gives a sudden start, turns, and looks at them. Starts up, frightened.*]

LENA. Oh, the dwarfs!

3RD DWARF. She shall grow uglier in face every day.

1ST DWARF. Every time she speaks a toad shall hop from her mouth.

2ND DWARF. She shall always be unhappy.

[*Exeunt* DWARFS, *frowning.*]

LENA [*screaming and running for cottage door*]. Oh, mother! Let me in! The spiteful things! I won't have it so! [*Toads hop to the step.* LENA *screams again, gathers up her skirts, and bursts into the cottage.*]

Enter the young KING

KING. My coachman has lost the way in this wood. I must walk about a bit to warm myself. [*Sees cottage.*] Ah, here is a house. Doubtless some woodman lives here and can direct us to the road again. [*Door opens and* FRIEDA *comes out in her paper dress, with a large skein of yarn on her shoulder. She is weeping.*] My pretty child! Who are you, coming out of doors in this thin array? And why do you weep?

FRIEDA. The King! [*Kneels.*] I am only a poor, unhappy girl, your Majesty. I am sent out by my stepmother to break a hole in the ice and rinse this yarn in the water.

KING. Why are you unhappy?

FRIEDA. Because my stepmother hates me and wants to get rid of me. And my stepsister Lena, who used to be my playmate, has just been beating me.

KING. Rise, my child! [*Raises her.*] If you can but show my coachman the way to the highroad — which we have lost — I will take you home to the capital with me. You shall be my Queen, and I will make it my life-work to make you happy.

FRIEDA. Oh! Your Majesty is too kind to a poor girl. But I will do my best to deserve it, if you will only take me away from here.

CURTAIN

ACT II

[*Scene: interior of the palace two years later. Enter* STEPMOTHER.]

STEPMOTHER. There, now! I hope that tiresome Frieda is disposed of at last! Frieda a queen indeed! When Lena and I reached the palace last night I told the King I had come to visit my dear stepdaughter and see the young Prince. Then when we were admitted to the room where Frieda was, I had her thrown out of the window into the duck-pond, and my dear Lena lay on the couch in her place.

Enter the KING *from* QUEEN'S *room*

KING. This is all very strange! I find my wife's room darkened so I can hardly see her face. Her voice, which is usually sweeter than music, has suddenly grown hard and queer. Instead of a gold-piece slipping brightly to my feet as she talked, an ugly toad hopped almost in my face!

STEPMOTHER. Quietly, quietly! This will never do. Your wife is very ill. Another sound sleep is needed to make her quite well.

KING. Very well! But if she is not better by this evening I shall have the doctors see her. [*Exit* KING.]

STEPMOTHER. When he finds that his wife is really gone he cannot help loving my darling Lena, I am sure. Yes, I shall surely see Lena queen here before the year is out! [*Exit.*]

Enter SCULLION

SCULLION. This is a strange business! A duck swims up to the bank and tells me to see if the young Prince sleeps.

VOICE [*without*]. What does the King, I pray you tell,
Is he awake or sleeps he well?

SCULLION [*whispers*]. The duck! It sounds like the Queen's voice, though.

VOICE. And all my guests, are they asleep?

SCULLION [*looking out of the window*]. Yes, one and all they slumber deep.

VOICE. And what about my baby, dear.

SCULLION. Oh, it sleeps soundly, never fear.

VOICE. Go find the King and take him word
A duck has need of his good sword.
He must thrice wave it over me,
If he again his Queen would see.

SCULLION. Some black magic is here! I will find my royal master.

Enter KING.

KING. What are you doing here, sir?

SCULLION [*kneels as the* KING *speaks*]. Oh, sire! I was just going to seek you. A wonderful duck spoke to me from the duck-pond and asked me to come up and see how the Prince slept. Then she told me to find your Majesty and tell you to wave your sword thrice over her if you would ever see your Queen again.

KING. Strange! Where is this duck?

SCULLION. Below, just outside the window, sire.

KING. There has been some foul play; of that much I feel certain. I will try this charm and see what comes. [*Draws sword, extends it out of window, and waves it three times. Then he starts.*] 'Tis no longer a duck! 'Tis a woman! She comes in the door! [*Enter* FRIEDA.]

FRIEDA. Ah, my King! I am so glad to come back to you. My stepmother threw me out of the window into the pond. As soon as I struck the water I became a duck. But I am happier to be myself.

KING. Frieda! Who then is the woman in your room?

FRIEDA. Probably it is Lena.

KING. Hark! I hear the cruel stepmother coming. Hide yourself for a moment till I speak to her. [FRIEDA *hides behind a curtain.*]

Enter STEPMOTHER

STEPMOTHER. What! Back again already? It is of no use. Your poor wife must be undisturbed till morning. You must not speak to her.

KING. I have come to ask your advice in a matter of punishment. What shall I do with a man who pulled another out of bed and tried to drown him?

STEPMOTHER. Why, put him in a barrel stuck full of sharp nails. Then roll him down a mountain into the water. That would be a *fine* sight!

KING. You have pronounced your own sentence. You and your ugly daughter shall be put in two such barrels — for trying to drown my sweet Queen.

STEPMOTHER [*falls on knees*]. Oh, your Majesty! Mercy! Spare us!

[*Enter* LENA *from other room. She falls on her knees.*]

LENA. Spare me at least, O King! I did not plan this thing at all. [FRIEDA *emerges from the curtain.*]

FRIEDA. Yes, spare them, O King! I could not bear to have anyone so terribly punished. I forgive them freely.

KING. Since you beg their lives, I will spare them. But only on condition that they leave this land and never let us see them any more.

CURTAIN

Adapted from Grimm

GOING HOME

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

SPEECH ON A RESOLUTION TO PUT VIRGINIA INTO A STATE OF DEFENSE

Mr. President, — No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country.

Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not your-

selves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves too unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. There are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to treaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after all these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next

year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in a country such as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! — but there is no peace.

The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY

PREAMBLE TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

From *The Declaration of Independence*

THE NEW YEAR

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false; ring in the true.

Ring out the grief, that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Redrawn from Cruickshank's illustration

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as grandfather and told him the little story of our companionship.

"Why, bless thee, child," said the old man, patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way — what if I had lost thee, Nell?"

"I would have found my way back to *you,* grandfather," said the child boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her, and then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting-room behind, in which was another

door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire. "How can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice, "more care of Nelly! Why, who ever loved a child as I love Nell?"

He said this with such evident surprise that I was perplexed what answer to make, and the more so because, coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought, which convinced me that he could not be, as I had at first been inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage and imbecility.

"I don't think you consider —" I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me, "I don't consider her! Ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

It would be impossible for any man, I care not what his form of speech might be, to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did, in these four words.

I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand, and shaking his head twice or thrice, fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus in silence, the door of the closet opened and the child returned, her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper, and while she was thus engaged I remarked that the old man took an opportunity of observing me more closely than he had done yet. I was surprised to see that all this time everything was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown-up persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"It always grieves me," I observed, roused by what I took to be his selfishness, "it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity — two of the best qualities that heaven gives them — and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

"It will never check hers," said the old man, looking

steadily at me; "the springs are too deep. Even the cheap delights of childhood must be bought and paid for."

"But — forgive me for saying this — you are surely not so very poor," said I.

"She is not my child, sir," returned the old man. "Her mother was, and she was poor. I save nothing — not a penny — though I live as you see, but" — he laid his hand upon my arm and leaned forward to whisper — "she shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help. She gives it cheerfully, as you see, and it would break her heart if she knew that I suffered anybody else to do for me what her little hands could undertake. I don't consider!" he cried with sudden querulousness. "Why, God knows that this one child is the thought and object of my life, and yet He never prospers me — no, never."

At this juncture the subject of our conversation again returned, and the old man, motioning me to approach the table, broke off, and said no more.

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell, bursting into a hearty laugh, which I was rejoiced to hear, for it was childlike and full of hilarity, said it was no doubt dear old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man, fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit."

The child laughed again, more heartily than before, and I could not help smiling from pure sympathy. The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the doorway, looking into the parlor with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable way of standing sideways

as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. I think he would have amused one anywhere, but the child's exquisite enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find that there was something she associated with merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite irresistible. After several efforts to preserve his gravity, Kit burst into a loud roar, and so stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man had again relapsed into his former abstraction, and took no notice of what passed, but I remarked that when her laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fulness of heart with which she welcomed her uncouth favorite after the little anxiety of the night. As for Kit himself (whose laugh had been all the time one of that sort which very little would change into a cry) he carried a large slice of bread and meat and a mug of beer into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them with great voracity.

"Ah!" said the old man, turning to me with a sigh, as if I had spoken to him but that moment, "you don't know what you say when you tell me that I don't consider her."

"You must not attach too great weight to a remark founded on first appearances, my friend," said I.

"No," returned the old man thoughtfully, "no. Come hither, Nell."

The little girl hastened from her seat and put her arm about his neck.

"Do I love thee, Nell?" said he. "Say — do I love thee, Nell, or no?"

The child only answered by her caresses, and laid her head upon his breast.

"Why dost thou sob?" said the grandfather, pressing her closer to him and glancing towards me. "Is it because thou know'st I love thee and dost not like that I should seem to doubt it by my question? Well, well — then let us say I love thee dearly."

"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child with great earnestness. "Kit knows you do."

Kit, who in despatching his bread and meat had been swallowing two-thirds of his knife at every mouthful with the coolness of a juggler, stopped short in his operations on thus being appealed to, and bawled, "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't"; after which he incapacitated himself for further conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite.

"She is poor now," said the old man, patting the child's cheek, "but I say again that the time is coming

when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing but waste and riot. When *will* it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "thou dost not know — how should'st thou?" Then he muttered again between his teeth: "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late!"

CHARLES DICKENS

From *Old Curiosity Shop*

CHARLES DICKENS, the great English novelist, was born near Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812, and died June 9, 1870. He began business life as a lawyer's clerk and then became a newspaper reporter. His first writings were "Sketches by Boz" that were printed from time to time. Among his greatest novels are "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," and "Oliver Twist." His writings did much to reform the workhouses, prisons and bad schools in England at that time. He twice visited America. Read "Christmas Carol" and "Cricket on the Hearth."

THE TALE OF THE WILLOW PATTERN

"Oh dear! Dear me!" wailed pretty Li-chi.[1] "Never was anyone so unhappy as I!"

She was sitting in her little room all alone. The maid had just brought her a tray of tea and cakes, but she was not eating. The shutters were open, showing the blue waters of the lake in the summer sunshine, but she was not looking. Instead she wrung her little white hands and wept sadly.

"Well! Well!" said the old gardener to himself as he worked just outside her window, "what is all this? The voice of my merry little mistress lifted in woe!"

Then he raised a garden tool as high as he could reach and tapped upon her window sill.

[1] Pronounced lee-chee.

At first Li-chi did not hear it. Then as he repeated the tapping she checked her crying for a moment.

"What is that?" she whispered to herself.

A third time came the tapping on the sill. Then Li-chi gathered up her silken robes so they would not rustle and stole softly toward the window.

She craned her neck and held her breath, but there was nothing to be seen or heard till she had quite reached the window. At last she cautiously peered over the edge, and there, down in the flower beds, stood her old friend, the gardener.

"What ails my little mistress?" he asked softly as soon as her jet-black hair and black almond-shaped eyes were visible over the window ledge.

"Oh Wong!" she said. "Didn't you know I was here — a prisoner?"

"A prisoner!" he echoed.

"Yes, really a prisoner. Do you know what my cruel stepfather has done?"

"Not I," he said.

"Well then, I will tell you;" and she settled down comfortably on her knees by the window so she could tell him her story.

"My stepfather has never paid any attention to me, you know, except now and then to beat me when he was angry. This country-house came from my

mother's family, so he lets me come here when I like. A little while ago he brought home to our house in town a very ugly and bad-looking old man, and I saw him through a screen. I hated him at once, he looked so very wicked. I heard them talking and then I felt worse still."

"What did they say?" asked Wong softly, going on with his work.

"Why, I didn't understand it all because it was about town business. You know my stepfather is the mandarin and rules the whole town. Well he had done some kind of stealing of tax money and the old man had found him out. Though a rich man, he wanted some of the stolen money, and if he did not get it threatened to report my stepfather and get him into trouble."

The gardener nodded. "I see," he said.

"Well," continued Li-chi, "my father was very polite to him and called one servant to bring tea. Another servant he sent to bring his 'dear daughter,' who was the 'light of his eyes' to come and serve them. Now you know, Wong, I am not the light of his eyes, at all. He hardly ever notices me. So I suspected some trick at once; but I had to go."

"Of course," agreed the gardener.

"Then, when I had left them again, I heard them

talking some more. After a while the old man agreed to keep quiet and ask no money if my father would give me to him to be his wife."

Li-chi made an impressive pause, and the gardener threw up his hands in horror.

"My master did not agree to it!" he exclaimed.

"Yes he did," asserted Li-chi indignantly. "He was only too happy to get out of his own plight."

The gardener went on pulling weeds. Finally he glanced up with a twinkle in his eye and asked, "Is there anyone else you prefer to the ugly old man?"

"Why Wong! You know father's secretary, Chang, don't you?"

The gardener nodded. "Indeed, mistress, I know him; and a finer young man never crossed these waters; nor a handsomer."

"Oh you *dear*, to say so!" cried Li-chi, delightedly clapping her hands. "Well, do you suppose that any girl who was intending to marry Chang would want to marry the sort of person I have just described?"

"No, miss, surely not," he said, shaking his head. "But where is Chang during your captivity?"

"He is probably seeking for me in distraction," she said, wringing her hands again. "And my father says I shall stay locked up here and be beaten every time he comes until I obey his commands." She hid

her face and the gardener thought very intently for a few moments.

Now it chanced that this old gardener was a bit of a magician in a small way; and he was also very fond of his little mistress.

At length he lifted his face toward her window and said, "Hearken, little lady. I think I know a charm which will carry a note safely from you to your lover, wherever he may be. You take writing materials and write him a note while I prepare a little junk to carry it."

So saying, he hobbled over the bridge to his hut, and Li-chi turned to her room, where she wrote a charming little poem to Chang, begging him to come before the willow leaves should fall.

The old gardener soon came back with half a cocoanut shell in one hand and a bundle of willow leaves in the other.

Li-chi tossed the note down to him. Then he asked for one of the long pins in her hair. This he stuck through the note and stood it up in the shell like a little square sail. Carefully then he set the cocoanut shell in the water.

"It needs a bit of ballast," he said, watching the little craft rock back and forth. "What have you of your very own which is heavy?"

"My heart," she said, "is the heaviest thing I have; but that is already with Chang." And she drew a heavy sigh.

Instantly the little shell settled a little in the water and stopped rocking.

"There! That is enough," charged the gardener hurriedly. "That sigh will do. Your heart would have sunk the boat. Now, mistress, if you please, lend me your fan."

She pulled it from her sleeve, kissed it, and flung it down.

He opened it, then tossing the willow leaves lightly into the air he gave them a whiff with the fan while he murmured a low charm, and they flew away like a flock of birds. Next he fanned the little boat gently, still reciting his incantation, and it sailed out on the lake after the flock of leaves.

Li-chi watched it for a long time as it went steadily down toward the town, until finally it became a wee speck lost in the pink and purple ripples under the sunset sky.

The next day the maiden rose very early and seated herself in her window. The gardener had told her that the enchanted willow leaves would surely bring the little boat back. So she watched the water, and when she tired of that she looked at the waving willow

mournfully drooping over the spot where the little boat was launched.

Presently she heard afar a sound as of the humming of winds through the cordage of a ship. Then she saw what seemed a swarm of insects far down the lake. As it drew nearer a speck showed on the water beneath; the singing grew louder, and soon she saw clearly her own little cocoanut shell. The sail now was a very large and stiff paper which stood up boldly and bravely on the golden mast.

The swarm of magic willow leaves soon fell on the beach with a soft patter. Fine silk threads fastened the large sail to the shell and through them the wind sang like a harp as it blew the little boat to the hand of the gardener who was waiting for it.

Li-chi stood up and leaned away out of her window. "Quick! quick, Wong!" she cried. "I can hardly wait. Do give it to me!"

The old man pinned the note to his hoe handle and reached it up to her.

Li-chi seized it with trembling hands, while the old man waited below.

She read it once. Then she took a deep breath and read it again. After she had read it a third time the gardener coughed significantly.

Immediately Li-chi popped her head out of the window. Her face was beaming.

"Only think, Wong! He is coming for me this very day. My stepfather is coming by land. But Chang will strain every nerve to reach me first, by boat. Now I must go right to work to pack my jewel box."

So she bustled about her room while Wong went down to the landing on the island to watch for the boat of Chang.

Li-chi hurried her treasures and valuables into the long, narrow box in which she kept them. Hardly had she finished when the gardener appeared below her window.

"Hurry, mistress!" he whispered hoarsely. "Your lover is just now landing and your stepfather is in sight on the road."

He hastened back to hold the boat, while Chang rushed to the window just in time to catch the long box as Li-chi let it down. He laid it on the ground and tossed the end of a rope ladder to Li-chi. She fastened it securely to the window, but when she looked out she was suddenly afraid to climb down.

"Oh dear!" she wailed. "I cannot! Really, Chang dear, I can't climb down that shaky thing!"

Chang heard the gate slam and in a moment he was

up the ladder, picked up his trembling little lady, and carried her down.

Meanwhile the cruel stepfather came down the path, his shoes crunching the gravel. He was just about to enter the front door, snapping his whip fiercely all the while, when he caught sight of Li-chi running from the side of the house down toward the bridge, her distaff in her hand. Close behind her followed Chang with the jewel box. With a savage roar of anger he gave chase. At the bridge he certainly would have overtaken them if the old gardener, hidden in the bushes, had not whispered a hasty enchantment. This caused the willow branches to bend down and entangle themselves with the whip.

The delay was just long enough so that Li-chi and Chang got away in their boat with all the baggage. The cruel stepfather was so angry that he refused to have anything more to do with the runaways, whatever!

So Chang and Li-chi sailed away to a new little house he had built on the other side of the lake, and there lived happily many years.

After a long time the ugly rich man grew so wicked that he came and set fire to the nice little house and burned it all down to ashes.

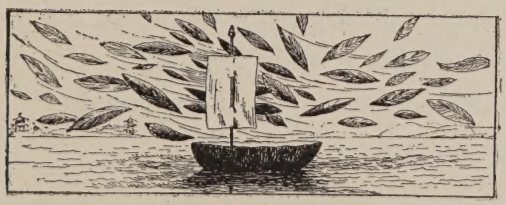
It chanced, however, that Wong the gardener saw

the flames and he blew two willow leaves over the lake to find Li-chi and Chang. As soon as the leaves fluttered down on their heads the lovers were changed to doves and flew up together into the blue sky over the lake.

If you have a blue willow-ware plate you can see this story there. On the right is the summer home of Li-chi, a little to the left is the bridge leading to the gardener's hut, and on the bridge the runaways, followed by the cruel father; out on the lake is their boat, and across it the little house of Chang. The gardener is nowhere in sight, perhaps because the artist did not wish his cruel master to know that he had anything to do with the escape. I am sure, however, that he is there somewhere, around the corner, or behind the shrubs.

The two doves are in plain sight, at all events. They never seem to tire of hovering above the scenes of their thrilling lives: and in the midst of it all, waves the willow tree.

MABEL W. S. CALL



WHY DOTH THE PUSSY CAT?

Why doth a pussy cat prefer,
When dozing, drowsy, on the sill,
To purr and purr and purr and purr
Instead of merely keeping still?
With nodding head and folded paws
She keeps it up without a cause.

Why doth she flaunt her lofty tail
In such a stiff right-angled pose?
If lax and limp she let it trail
'Twould seem more restful, goodness knows!
When strolling 'neath the chairs or bed
She lets it bump above her head.

Why doth she suddenly refrain
From anything she's busied in,
And start to wash, with might and main,
Most any place upon her skin?
Why doth she pick that special spot,
Not seeing if it's soiled or not?

Why doth she never seem to care
To come directly when you call,
But makes approach from here and there,
Or sidles half around the wall?
Though doors are opened at her mew,
You often have to push her through.

Why doth she this? Why doth she that?
I seek for cause, — I yearn for clues;
The subject of the pussy cat
Doth endlessly inspire the muse.
Why doth a pussy cat? Ah, why?
I cannot tell, howe'er I try!

B. J.

From *Rymes of Home*
By permission of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

THE FARMER AND THE FOX

A FARMER, whose poultry yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap.

"Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese! You shall hang on the tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving!"

The farmer was twisting a halter to do what he threatened, when the fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches before, thought there could be no harm in trying whether it might not do him one more good turn.

"You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes. On the word of a fox, they won't care a rabbit skin for it; they'll come and look at me, but you may depend on it, they will dine at your expense before they go home again!"

"Then I shall hang you for yourself, as a rogue and a rascal," said the farmer.

"I am only what nature, or whatever you call the thing, chose to make me," the fox answered. "I didn't make myself."

"You stole my geese," said the man.

"Why did nature make me like geese, then?" said the fox. "Live and let live; give me my share, and I won't touch yours; but you keep them all to yourself."

"I don't understand your fine talk," answered the farmer. "But I know that you are a thief and that you deserve to be hanged."

"His head is too thick to let me catch him so. I wonder if his heart is any softer," thought the fox. "You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature," he said; "that's a responsibility. It is a curious thing, that life, and who knows what comes after it? You say I am a rogue. I say I am not. But at any rate I ought not to be hanged, — for if I am not, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent!" "I have him now," thought the fox; "let him get out if he can."

"Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the man.

"My notion is that you should let me go and give me a lamb, or a goose or two, every month, and then

I could live without stealing. But perhaps you know better than I, and I am a rogue. My education may have been neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a dog?"

"Very pretty," said the farmer. "We have dogs enough, and more too, than we can take care of. No, no, Master Fox; I have caught you, and you shall swing, whatever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, anyhow."

"It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the fox.

"No, friend," the farmer answered; "I don't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get on together, and I think I am of more importance than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage garden, I don't try to persuade them to grow into cabbages. I just dig them up. I don't hate them; but somehow I feel that they mustn't hinder me with my cabbages, and that I must put them away; and so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing."

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, a noted English historian, was born in Devonshire, England, 1818, and died in 1894. His histories of England and Ireland are his best known works.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law;
Stately honor and reverent awe,

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong,
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY H. BENNETT

By permission of *The Youth's Companion*

PLEDGE

"I PLEDGE allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Redrawn from a painting by F. O. C. Darby

WASHINGTON VISITING THE WOUNDED AT VALLEY FORGE

JABEZ ROCKWELL'S POWDER-HORN

"POOH, you are not tall enough to carry a musket! Go with the drums, and toofle on that fife you blew at the Battle of Saratoga. Away with you, little Jabez, crying for a powder-horn, when grown men like me have not a pouch amongst them for a single charge of powder!"

A tall, gaunt Vermonter, whose uniform was a woolen bedcover draped to his knees, laughed loudly from the doorway of his log hut as he flung these taunts at the stripling soldier.

A little way down the snowy street of these rude cabins a group of ragged comrades was crowding at

the heels of a man who hugged a leather apron to his chest with both arms. Jabez Rockwell was in hot haste to join the chase; nevertheless he halted to cry back at his critic:

"It's a lie! I put my fife in my pocket at Saratoga, and I fought with a musket as long and ugly as yourself. And a redcoat shot me through the arm. If the camp butcher has powder-horns to give away, I deserve one more than those raw militia recruits; so wait until you are a veteran of the Connecticut line before you laugh at us old soldiers."

The youngster stooped to tighten the clumsy wrappings of rags which served him for shoes, and hurried on after the little, shouting mob which had followed the butcher down to the steep hillside of Valley Forge, where he stood at bay with his back to the cliff.

"There are thirty of you desperate villains," puffed the fat fugitive, "and I have only ten horns, which have been saved from the choicest of all the cattle I've killed these two months gone. I would I had my maul and skinning-knife here to defend myself. Take me to headquarters, if there is no other way to end this riot. I want no pay for the horns. They are my gift to the troops, but, Heaven help me! who is to decide how to divide them amongst so many?".

"Stand him on his bald head and loose the horns

from the apron. As they fall, he who finds keeps!" roared one of the boisterous party.

"Toss them all in the air and let us fight for them," was another suggestion.

The hapless butcher glared round him with growing dismay. At this rate half the American army would soon be clamoring round him, drawn by the chance to add to their poor equipment.

By this time Jabez Rockwell had wriggled under the arms of the shouting soldiers, twisting like an uncommonly active eel, until he was close to the red-faced butcher. With ready wit the youngster piped up a plan for breaking the deadlock:

"There are thirty of us, you say, that put you to rout, Master Ritter. Let us divide the ten horns by lot. Then you can return to your cow-pens with a whole skin and a clean conscience."

"There is more sense in that little carcass of yours than in all those big, hulking troopers, that could spit you on a bayonet like a sparrow!" rumbled Master Ritter. "How shall the lots be drawn?"

"Away with your lottery!" cried a burly rifleman, whose long hunting-shirt whipped in the bitter wind. "The road up the valley is well beaten down. The old forge is half a mile away. Do you mark a line, old beef-killing Jack, and we will run for our lives. The

first ten to touch the stone wall of the smithy will take the ten prizes."

Some yelled approval, others fiercely opposed, and the wrangling was louder than before. Master Ritter, who had plucked up heart, began to steal warily from the hillside, hoping to escape in the confusion. A dozen hands clutched his collar and leather apron and jerked him headlong back into the argument.

Young Jabez scrambled to the top of the nearest boulder and ruffled with importance like a turkey-cock as he waved his arms to command attention.

"The guard will be turned out and we shall end this fray by cooling our heels in the prison huts on the hill," he declaimed. "If we run a foot-race, who is to say which of us first reaches the forge? Again, — and I say I never served with such thick-witted troops when I fought under General Arnold at Saratoga, — those with shoes to their feet have the advantage over those that are bound up in bits of cloth and clumsy patches of hide. Draw lots, I say, before the picket is down upon us!"

The good-natured crowd cheered the boy orator and hauled him from his perch with such hearty thumps that he feared they would break him in two.

Suddenly the noise was hushed as if the wranglers had been stricken dumb. Fur-capped heads turned

to face down the winding valley, and without need of an order, the company spread itself along the roadside in a rude, uneven line. Every man stood at attention, his head up, his shoulders thrown back, hands at his sides. Thus they stood while they watched a little group of horsemen trot toward them.

In front rode a commanding figure in buff and blue. The tall, lithe frame sat the saddle with the graceful ease of the hard-riding Virginia fox-hunter. The stern, smooth-shaven face, reddened and roughened by exposure to all weathers, lighted with an amiable curiosity at sight of this motley and expectant party, the central figure of which was the butcher, Master Ritter, who had dropped to his knees, as if praying for his life.

General Washington turned to a sprightly-looking, red-haired youth who rode at his side, as if calling his attention to this singular tableau. The Marquis de Lafayette shrugged his shoulders after the French manner and said, laughingly:

"It ees vat you t'ink? Vill they make ready to kill 'im? Vat they do?"

Just behind them pounded General Mühlenberg, the clergyman who had doffed his gown for the uniform of a brigadier, stalwart, swarthy, laughter in his piercing eyes as he commented:

"To the rescue! The victim is a worthy member

of my old Pennsylvania flock. This doth savor of a soldier's court martial for honest Jacob Ritter."

The cavalcade halted and the soldiers saluted, tongue-tied and embarrassed, scuffling, and prodding one another's ribs in an attempt to urge a spokesman forward, while General Washington gazed down at them as if demanding an explanation.

The butcher was about to make a stammering attempt when the string of his apron parted and the ten cow-horns were scattered in the snow. He dived in pursuit of them, and his speech was never made.

Because Jabez Rockwell was too light and slender to make much resistance, he was first to be pushed into the foreground, and found himself nearest the commander-in-chief. He made the best of a bad matter, and his frank young face flushed hotly as he doffed his battered cap and bowed low.

"May it please the general, we were in a good-natured dispute touching the matter of those ten cow-horns which the butcher brought amongst us to his peril. There are more muskets than pouches in our street, and we are debating a fair way to divide them. It is — it is exceeding bold, sir, but dare we ask you to suggest a way out of the trouble which preys sorely on the butcher's mind and body?"

A fleeting frown troubled the noble face of the chief and his mouth twitched, not with anger but in pain, for the incident brought home to him anew that his soldiers, these brave, cheerful, half-clothed, freezing followers, were without even the simplest tools of warfare.

The cloud cleared and he smiled, such a proud, affectionate smile as a father shows to sons of his who have deemed no sacrifice too great for duty's sake. His eyes softened as he looked down at the straight stripling at his bridle-rein and replied:

"You have asked my advice as a third party, and it is meet that I share in the distribution. Follow me to the nearest hut."

His officers wheeled and rode after him, while the bewildered soldiers trailed behind, two and two, down the narrow road, greatly wondering whether reward or punishment was to be their lot.

As for Jabez Rockwell, he strode proudly in the van as guide to the log cabin, and felt his heart flutter as he jumped to the head of the charger, while the general dismounted with the agility of a boy.

Turning to the soldiers, who hung abashed in the road, Washington called:

"Come in, as many of you as can find room!"

The company filled the hut and made room for those

behind by climbing into the tiers of bunks filled with boughs to soften the rough-hewn planks.

In one corner a wood-fire smoldered in a rough stone fireplace, whose smoke made even the general cough and sneeze. He stood behind a bench of barked logs, and took from his pocket a folded document. Then he picked up from the hearth a bit of charcoal and announced:

"I will write down a number between fifteen hundred and two thousand, and the ten that guess nearest this number shall be declared the winners of the ten horns."

He carefully tore the document into strips and then into small squares, which were passed along the delighted audience. There was a busy whispering and scratching of heads. Over in one corner, jammed against the wall until he gasped for breath, Jabez Rockwell said to himself:

"I must guess shrewdly. Methinks he will choose a number half-way between fifteen hundred and two thousand. I will write down seventeen hundred and fifty. But, stay! Seventeen seventy-six may come first into his mind, the glorious year when the independence of the colonies was declared. But he will surely take it that we, too, are thinking of that number, wherefore I will pass it by."

As if reading his thoughts, a comrade curled up in a bunk at Rockwell's elbow muttered, "Seventeen seventy-six, I haven't a doubt of it!"

Alas for the cunning surmise of Jabez, the chief did write down the Independence year, "1776," and when this verdict was read aloud, the boy felt deep disappointment. This was turned to joy, however, when his guess of "1750" was found to be among the ten nearest the fateful choice, and one of the powder-horns fell to him.

The soldiers pressed back to make way for General Washington as he went out of the hut, stooping low that his head might escape the roof-beams. Before the party mounted, the boyish Lafayette swung his hat round his head and shouted:

"A huzza for ze wise general!"

The soldiers cheered lustily, and General Mühlenberg followed with:

"Now a cheer for the Declaration of Independence and for the soldier who wrote down 'Seventeen seventy-six.'"

General Washington bowed in his saddle, and the shouting followed his clattering train up the valley on his daily tour of inspection. He left behind him a new-fledged hero in the person of Jabez Rockwell, whose bold tactics had won him a powder-horn and

given his comrades the rarest hour of the dreary winter at Valley Forge.

In his leisure time he scraped and polished the horn, fitted it with a wooden stopper and cord, and with greatest care and labor scratched upon its gleaming surface these words:

Jabez Rockwell, Ridgeway, Conn. — His Horn
Made in Camp at Valley Forge

Thin and pale, but with unbroken spirit, this sixteen-year-old veteran drilled and marched and braved picket duty in zero weather, often without a scrap of meat to brace his ration for a week on end; but he survived with no worse damage than sundry frost-bites. In early spring he was assigned to duty as a sentinel of the company which guarded the path that led up the hill to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. Here he learned much to make the condition of his comrades seem more hopeless and forlorn than ever.

Hard-riding scouting parties came into camp with reports of forays as far as the suburbs of Philadelphia, twenty miles away. Spies, disguised as farmers, returned with stories of visits into the heart of the capital city held by the enemy. This gossip and information, which the young sentinel picked up bit by bit, he pieced together to make a picture of an invincible,

veteran British army, waiting to fall upon the huddled mob of "rebels" at Valley Forge and sweep them away like chaff. He heard it over and over again that the Hessians, with their tall and gleaming brass hats and fierce mustaches, "were dreadful to look upon," that the British Grenadiers, who tramped the Philadelphia streets in legions, "were like moving ranks of stone wall."

Then Jabez would look out across the valley and perhaps see an American regiment at drill, without uniforms, ranks half-filled, looking like an array of scarecrows. His heart would sink, despite his memories of Saratoga, and in such dark hours he could not believe it possible even for General Washington to win a battle in the coming summer campaign.

It was on a bright day of June that Captain Allan McLane, the leader of scouts, galloped past the huts of the sentinels and shouted as he rode:

"The British have marched out of Philadelphia! I have just cut my way through their skirmishers over in New Jersey!"

A little later orderlies were buzzing out of the old stone house at headquarters like bees from a hive, with orders for the troops to be ready to march. As Jabez Rockwell hurried to rejoin his regiment, men were shouting the glad news along the green valley, with

songs and cheers and laughter. They fell in as a fighting army, and left behind them the tragic story of their winter at Valley Forge, as the trailing columns swept beyond the Schuylkill into the wide and smiling farm lands of Pennsylvania.

Summer heat now blistered the dusty faces that had been for so long blue and pinched with hunger and cold. A week of glad marching and full rations carried Washington's awakened army into New Jersey, by which time the troops knew their chief was leading them to block the British retreat from Philadelphia.

Jabez Rockwell, marching with the Connecticut Brigade, had forgotten his fears of the brass-capped Hessians and the stonewall Grenadiers. One night they camped near Monmouth village, and scouts brought in the tidings that the British were within sight. In the long summer twilight Jabez climbed a little knoll hard by and caught a glimpse of the white tents of the Queen's Rangers, hardly beyond musket-shot. Before daybreak a rattle of firing woke him and he scrambled out, to find that the pickets were already exchanging shots.

He picked up his old musket, and chewing a hunk of dry bread for breakfast, joined his company, drawn up in a pasture. Knapsacks were piled near Freehold

meeting-house, and the troops marched ahead, not knowing where they were sent.

Across the wooded fields Jabez saw the lines of red splotches which gleamed in the early sunlight, and he knew these were British troops. The rattling musket-fire became a grinding roar and the deeper note of artillery boomed into the tumult. A battle had begun, yet the Connecticut Brigade was stewing in the heat hour after hour, impatient, troubled, wondering why they had no part to play. As the forenoon dragged along the men became sullen and weary.

When at last an order came it was not to advance, but to retreat. Falling back, they found themselves near their camping-place. Valley Forge had not quenched the faith of Jabez Rockwell in General Washington's power to conquer any odds, but now he felt such dismay as brought hot tears to his eyes. On both sides of his regiment American troops were streaming to the rear, their columns broken and straggling. It seemed as if the whole army was fleeing from the veterans of Clinton and Cornwallis.

Jabez flung himself into a cornfield and hid his face in his arms. Round him his comrades were muttering their anger and despair. He fumbled for his canteen, and his fingers closed round his powder-horn. "General Washington did not give you to me to run away

with," he whispered; and then his parched lips moved in a little prayer:

"Dear Lord, help us to beat the British this day and give me a chance to empty my powder-horn before night. Thou hast been with General Washington and me ever since last year. Please don't desert us now."

Nor was he surprised when, as if in direct answer to his petition, he rose to see the chief riding through the troop lines; but such a chief as he had never known before. The kindly face was aflame with anger and streaked with dust and sweat. The powerful horse he rode was lathered, and its heaving flanks were scarred from hard-driven spurs.

As the commander passed the regiment, his staff in a whirlwind at his heels, Jabez heard him shout in a great voice vibrant with rage and grief:

"I cannot believe the army is retreating. I ordered a general advance. Who dared to give such an order? Advance those lines —"

"It was General Lee's order to retreat," Jabez heard an officer stammer in reply.

Washington vanished in a moment, with a storm of cheers in his wake. Jabez was content to wait for orders now. He believed the Battle of Monmouth as good as won.

His recollection of the next few hours was jumbled

and hazy. He knew that the regiment went forward, and then the white smoke of musket-fire closed down before him. Now and then the summer breeze made rifts in this stifling cloud, and he saw it streaked with spouting fire. He aimed his old musket at that other foggy line beyond the rail fence, whose top was lined with men in coats of red and green and black.

Suddenly his officers began running to and fro, and a shout ran down the thin line:

"Stand steady, Connecticut! Save your fire! Aim low! Here comes a charge!"

A tidal wave of red and brass broke through the gaps in the rail fence, and the sunlight rippled along a wavering line of British bayonets. They crept nearer, nearer, until Jabez could see the grim ferocity, the bared teeth, the staring eyes of the dreaded Grenadiers.

At the command to fire he pulled trigger, and the kick of his musket made him grunt with pain. Pulling the stopper from his powder-horn with his teeth, Jabez poured in a charge and was ramming the bullet home when he felt his right leg double under him and burn as if red-hot iron had seared it.

Then the charging tide of Grenadiers swept over him. He felt their hobnailed heels bite into his back; then his head felt queer and he closed his eyes. When he found himself trying to rise, he saw, as through

a mist, his regiment falling back, driven from their ground by the first shock of the charge. He groaned in agony of spirit. What would General Washington say?

Jabez was now behind the headlong British column, which heeded him not. He was in a little part of the field cleared of fighting, for the moment, except for the wounded, who dotted the trampled grass. The smoke had drifted away, for the swaying lines in front of him were locked in the frightful embrace of cold steel.

The boy staggered to his feet, with his musket as a crutch, and his wound was forgotten. He was given strength to his need by the spirit of a great purpose.

Alone he stood and reeled, while he beckoned passionately, imploringly, his arm outstretched toward his broken regiment. The lull in the firing made a moment of strange quiet, broken only by groans and the hard, gasping groans of men locked in the death-grip. Therefore the shrill young voice carried far as he shouted:

"Come back, Connecticut! I'm waiting for you!"

His captain heard the boy and waved his sword with hoarse cries to his men. They caught sight of the lonely little figure in the background, and his cry went to their hearts and a great wave of rage and shame swept the line like a prairie fire. Like a landslide the men of

Connecticut swept forward to recapture the ground they had yielded. Back fell the British before a counter charge they could not withstand, back beyond the rail fence. Nor was there refuge even there, for, shattered and spent, they were smashed to fragments in a flank attack driven home in the nick of time by the American reserves.

From a low hill to the right of this action General Washington had paused to view the charge just when his line gave way. He sent an officer in hot haste for reserves, and waited for them where he was.

Thus it happened that his eye swept the littered field from which Jabez Rockwell rose, as one from the dead, to rally his comrades, alone, undaunted, pathetic beyond words. A little later two privates were carrying to the rear the wounded lad, who had been picked up alive and conscious. They halted to salute their commander-in-chief, and laid their burden down as the general drew rein and said:

"Take this man to my quarters, and see to it that he has every possible attention. I saw him save a regiment and retake a position."

The limp figure on the litter of boughs raised itself on an elbow and said very feebly:

"I didn't want to see that powder-horn disgraced, sir."

With a smile of recognition General Washington responded:

"The powder-horn? I remember. *You* are the lad who led the powder-horn rebellion at Valley Forge. And I wrote down 'Seventeen seventy-six.' You have used it well, my boy. I will not forget."

When Jabez Rockwell was able to rejoin his company he scratched upon the powder-horn this addition to the legend he had carved at Valley Forge:

First Used at Monmouth
June 28, 1778

A hundred years later the grandson of Jabez Rockwell hung the powder-horn in the old stone house at Valley Forge which had been General Washington's headquarters. And if you should chance to see it there you will find that the young soldier added one more line to the rough inscription:

Last Used at Yorktown, 1781

RALPH D. PAINE

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INDEPENDENCE BELL — JULY 4, 1776

(When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted: "Ring! RING! *RING!*")

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down, —
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whisper'd each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;

And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-scepter'd sway;

So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
Of the news he longed to tell.

See, see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthen'd line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hush'd the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring, grandpa,
Ring! O, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly-gliding Delaware!

How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hush'd is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awaken'd
Still is living, — ever young;
And, when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE ESCAPE OF THE LITTLE DUKE [1]

THROUGH that night, the young Duke Richard either tossed about on his narrow bed, or, when his restlessness desired the change, sat, leaning his aching head on Osmond's breast, too oppressed and miserable to speak or think. When the day dawned on them, and he was still too ill to leave the room, messengers were sent for him, and Osmond could no longer conceal the fact of his sickness, but parleyed at the door, keeping out everyone he could, and refusing all offers of attendance. He would not even admit little Prince Carloman, though Richard, hearing his voice, begged to see him; and when a proposal was sent from the Queen, that a skilful old nurse should visit and prescribe for the patient, he refused with all his might, and when he had shut the door, walked up and down, muttering, "Ay, ay, the witch! coming to finish what she has begun!"

[1] This is one of many stories about the boyhood of Richard the Fearless, Duke of Normandy (933?–996 A.D.). The little duke and his older companion, Osmond, have been taken captive by King Louis of France. While held as prisoners in a castle, Richard is taken suddenly ill. Osmond is greatly alarmed for fear his beloved charge may have been poisoned.

All that day and the next, Richard continued very ill, and Osmond waited on him very assiduously, never closing his eyes for a moment, but constantly telling his beads whenever the boy did not require his attendance. At last Richard fell asleep, slept long and soundly for some hours, and waked much better. Osmond was in a transport of joy: "Thanks to Heaven, they shall fail for this time! and they shall never have another chance! May Heaven be with us still!"

Richard was too weak and weary to ask what he meant, and for the next few days Osmond watched him with the utmost care. As for food, now that Richard could eat again, Osmond would not hear of his touching what was sent for him from the royal table, but always went down himself to procure food in the kitchen, where he said he had a friend among the cooks, who would, he thought, scarcely poison him intentionally. When Richard was able to cross the room, he insisted on his always fastening the door with his dagger, and never opening to any summons but his own, not even Prince Carloman's. Richard wondered, but he was obliged to obey; and he knew enough of the perils around him to perceive the reasonableness of Osmond's caution.

Thus several days had passed, the King had re-

turned, and Richard was so much recovered that he had become very anxious to be allowed to go down stairs again, instead of remaining shut up there; but still Osmond would not consent, though Richard had done nothing all day but walk around the room, to show how strong he was.

"Now, my Lord, guard the door — take care," said Osmond; "you have no loss today, for the King has brought home Herluin of Montrueil, whom you would be almost as loth to meet as the Fleming. And tell your beads while I am gone, that the Saints may bring us out of our peril."

Osmond was absent nearly half an hour and, when he returned, brought on his shoulders a huge bundle of straw. "What is this for?" exclaimed Richard. "I wanted my supper, and you have brought straw!"

"Here is your supper," said Osmond, throwing down the straw and producing a bag with some bread and meat. "What should you say, my Lord, if we should sup in Normandy tomorrow night?"

"In Normandy!" cried Richard, springing up and clapping his hands. "In Normandy! O Osmond, did you say in Normandy? Shall we, shall we really? Oh, joy! joy! Is Count Bernard come? Will the King let us go?"

"Hush! hush, sir! It must be our own doing; it will all fail if you are not silent and prudent, and we shall be undone."

"I will do anything to get home again!"

"Eat first," said Osmond.

"But what are you going to do? I will not be as foolish as I was when you tried to get me safe out of Rollo's tower. But I should like to wish Carloman farewell."

"That must not be," said Osmond; "we should not have time to escape, if they did not still believe you very ill in bed."

"I am sorry not to wish Carloman goodbye," repeated Richard; "but we shall see Fru Astrida again, and Sir Eric; and Alberic must come back! Oh, do let us go! O Normandy, dear Normandy!"

Richard could hardly eat for excitement, while Osmond hastily made his arrangements, girding on his sword and giving Richard his dagger to put into his belt. He placed the remainder of the provisions in his wallet, threw a thick purple cloth mantle over the Duke, and then desired him to lie down on the straw which he had brought in. "I shall hide you in it," he said, "and carry you through the hall, as if I was going to feed my horse."

"Oh, they will never guess!" cried Richard, laugh-

ing. "I will be quite still — I will make no noise — I will hold my breath."

"Yes, mind you do not move hand or foot, or rustle the straw. It is no play — it is life or death," said Osmond, as he disposed the straw round the little boy. "There, can you breathe?"

"Yes," said Richard's voice from the midst. "Am I quite hidden?"

"Entirely. Now, remember, whatever happens, do not move. May Heaven protect us! Now, the Saints be with us!"

Richard, from the interior of the bundle, heard Osmond set open the door; then he felt himself raised from the ground: Osmond was carrying him along down the stairs, the ends of the straw crushing and sweeping against the wall. The only way to the outer door was through the hall, and here was the danger. Richard heard voices, steps, loud singing and laughter, as if feasting was going on; then someone said, "Tending your horse, Sieur de Centeville?"

"Yes," Osmond made answer. "You know, since we lost our grooms, the poor black would come off badly, did I not attend to him."

Presently came Carloman's voice: "O Osmond de Centeville, is Richard better?"

"He is better, my Lord, I thank you, but hardly yet out of danger."

"Oh, I wish he was well! And when will you let me come to him, Osmond? Indeed, I would sit quiet, and not disturb him."

"It may not be yet, my Lord, though the Duke loves you well — he told me so but now."

"Did he? Oh, tell him I love him very much — better than anyone here — and it is very dull without him. Tell him so, Osmond."

Richard could hardly help calling out to his dear little Carloman; but he remembered the peril of Osmond's eyes and the Queen's threat, and held his peace, with some vague notion that some day he would make Carloman King of France. In the meantime, half-stifled with the straw, he felt himself carried on, down the steps, across the court; and then he knew, from the darkness and the changed sound of Osmond's tread, that they were in the stable. Osmond laid him carefully down and whispered:

"All right so far. You can breathe?"

"Not well. Can't you let me out?"

"Not yet — not for worlds. Now tell me if I put you face downwards, for I cannot see."

He laid the living heap of straw across the saddle, bound it on, then led out the horse, gazing round

cautiously as he did so; but the whole of the people of the castle were feasting, and there was no one to watch the gates. Richard heard the hollow sound of the hoofs, as the drawbridge was crossed, and knew that he was free; but still Osmond held his arm over him, and would not let him move, for some distance. Then, just as Richard felt as if he could endure the stifling of the straw and his uncomfortable position not a moment longer, Osmond stopped the horse, took him down, laid him on the grass, and released him. He gazed around; they were in a little wood; evening twilight was just coming on, and the birds sang sweetly.

"Free! free! — this is freedom!" cried Richard, leaping up in the delicious cool evening breeze; "the Queen and Lothaire, and that grim room, all far behind."

"Not so far yet," said Osmond; "you must not call yourself safe till the Epte is between us and them. Into the saddle, my Lord; we must ride for our lives."

Osmond helped the Duke to mount and sprang to the saddle behind him, set spurs to the horse, and rode on at a quick rate, though not at full speed, as he wished to spare the horse. The twilight faded, the stars came out, and still he rode, his arm round the child, who, as night advanced, grew weary and often sunk into a sort of half-doze, conscious all the time of

the trot of the horse. But each step was taking him further from Queen Gerberge and nearer to Nor-

"FREE! FREE! THIS IS FREEDOM!" CRIED RICHARD

mandy; and what recked he of weariness? On — on; the stars grew pale again, and the first pink light of

dawn showed in the eastern sky; the sun rose, mounted higher and higher, and the day grew hotter; the horse went more slowly, stumbled, and though Osmond halted and loosed the girth, he only mended his pace for a little while.

Osmond looked grievously perplexed; but they had not gone much further before a party of merchants came in sight, winding their way with a long train of loaded mules, and stout men to guard them, across the plains, like an Eastern caravan in the desert. They gazed in surprise at the tall young Norman holding the child upon the worn-out war-horse.

"Sir merchant," said Osmond to the first, "see you this steed? Better horse never was ridden; but he is sorely spent, and we must make speed. Let me barter him with you for yonder stout palfrey. He is worth twice as much, but I cannot stop to chaffer — ay or no at once."

The merchant, seeing the value of Osmond's gallant black, accepted the offer; and Osmond, removing his saddle and placing Richard on his new steed, again mounted, and on they went through the country, which Osmond's eye had marked with the sagacity men acquire by living in wild, unsettled places. The great marshes were now far less dangerous than in the winter, and they safely crossed them. There had, as yet, been

no pursuit, and Osmond's only fear was for his little charge, who, not having recovered his full strength since his illness, began to suffer greatly from fatigue in the heat of that broiling summer day, and leant against Osmond patiently, but very wearily, without moving or looking up. He scarcely revived when the sun went down and a cool breeze sprang up, which much refreshed Osmond himself; and still more did it refresh the Squire to see, at length, winding through the green pastures, a blue river, on the opposite bank of which rose a high rocky mound, bearing a castle with many a turret and battlement.

"The Epte! the Epte! There is Normandy, sir! Look up and see your own dukedom."

"Normandy!" cried Richard, sitting upright. "Oh, my own home!"

Still the Epte was wide and deep, and the peril was not yet ended. Osmond looked anxiously and rejoiced to see marks of cattle, as if it had been forded. "We must try it," he said, and dismounting, he waded in, leading the horse, and firmly holding Richard in the saddle. Deep they went; the water rose to Richard's feet, then to the horse's neck; then the horse was swimming, and Osmond too, still keeping his firm hold; then there was ground again, the force of the current was less, and they were gaining the bank.

At that instant, however, they perceived two men aiming at them with cross-bows from the castle, and another standing on the bank above them, who called out, "Hold! None pass the ford of Montémar without permission of the noble Dame Yolande."

"Ha! Bertrand the Seneschal, is that you?" returned Osmond.

"Who calls me by my name?" replied the Seneschal.

"It is I, Osmond de Centeville. Open your gates quickly, Sir Seneschal; for here is the Duke, sorely in need of rest and refreshment."

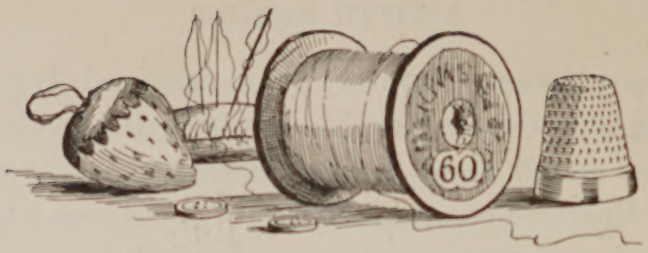
"The Duke!" exclaimed Bertrand, hurrying down to the landing-place and throwing off his cap.

"The Duke! the Duke!" rang out the shout from the men-at-arms on the battlements above; and in an instant more Osmond had led the horse up from the water and was exclaiming, "Look up, my Lord, look up! You are in your own dukedom again, and this is Alberic's castle."

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

From *The Little Duke*

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, an English novelist and historical writer, was born in England in 1823 and died in 1901. For several years she edited a magazine for young people. Her historical stories for children are still popular; one of the best known is "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."



SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread, —
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
  And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
  And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where a woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags, —
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work!
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work —
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one sweet hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blesséd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But, in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —
Would that its tone could reach the rich —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

THOMAS HOOD

Tom and his master did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was, and into a little back door; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown that Tom mistook her for my lady herself, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this and take care of that," as if he were going up the chimneys, and not Tom.

And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar!" And Tom did mind, at least all that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled

too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used, but such as are to be found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground; but at last coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms except when the carpets were all up and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was gay all over with little flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The

horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bulldogs amongst them, not even a terrier.

But one of the pictures which took his fancy the most, was of a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The next thing Tom saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with jugs and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "What a heap of things all for washing! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet upon the snow-white pillow lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or

maybe a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that; he thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered if she were a real live person or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL TOM HAD EVER SEEN

she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No, she cannot be dirty, she never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself; and then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" and he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the

soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. "What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room?" And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which he had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears of shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide; and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little lady in her bed, and seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn, and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled

under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough, for all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia; and down he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park toward the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

From *Water Babies*

PIPPA'S SONG

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING

THE RAVEN[1]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor, I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

. . . . . .

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

[1] By common consent this poem, written in 1845, is one of the classic works of American literature. It made its author famous. It is used in this reader because of its emotional color. Several stanzas are omitted.

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently came your
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened
wide the door: —
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

. . . . . .

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas[1] just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

. . . . . .

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered —

[1] Pallas Athene, Greek goddess of war and wisdom. The Roman name was Minerva.

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

. . . . . .

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,

But whose violet velvet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

. . . . . .

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,[1]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian[2] shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!

[1] Paradise — Eden [2] Infernal, darksome

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

HOW I KILLED A BEAR

The encounter was unexpected on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying and met by chance, — the usual way.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeeper at our cottage to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. To save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always

promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. I became accustomed to this dumb society and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs and doing just what I was doing, — picking blackberries. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise.

It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do

it; I didn't. The bear dropped down on his fore feet and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries — much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped. As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started to run. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. After that reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive.

Then I turned and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still he might be shamming. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. I had killed a bear!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Adapted from *In the Wilderness*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, an American author, was born at Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829 and died at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1900. He was lawyer, journalist, author, and lecturer. "My Summer in a Garden" is one of the best examples of his good style, and quiet humor.

NONSENSE VERSES

THERE was an Old Man who said, "Well!
Will nobody answer this bell?
I have pulled day and night, till my hair has grown white,
But nobody answers this bell!"

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!"
When they said, "Is it small?" he replied, "Not at all.
It is four times as big as the bush!"

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

EDWARD LEAR

From *Nonsense Books*
Published by Little, Brown & Co.

OUR COUNTRY

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what *is* our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles; with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, Our Country!

Thomas Smith Grimke

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON

GESLER, BERTHA, TELL, OFFICERS, PEASANTS

GESLER. I *hear*, Tell, you're a master with the bow,
And bear the palm away from every rival.

ALBERT. That must be true, sir! At a hundred yards
He'll shoot an apple for you off the tree.

GESLER. Is that boy thine, Tell?

TELL. Yes, my gracious lord.

GESLER. Hast thou more of them?

TELL. Two boys, my lord.

GESLER. And of the two, which dost thou love the most?

TELL. Sir, both the boys are dear to me alike.

GESLER. Then, Tell, since at a hundred yards thou canst
Bring down the apple from the tree, thou shalt
Approve thy skill before me. Take thy bow —
Thou hast it there at hand, — and make thee ready
To shoot an apple from the stripling's head!
But take this counsel — look well to thine aim!

See that thou hitt'st the apple at the first,
For, should'st thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.

TELL. What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
That I, from the head of mine own child! — No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir! — you meant not that! —
'Tis but a jest of yours! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!

GESLER. Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire — command it so.

TELL. What, I!
Level my crossbow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No — rather let me die!

GESLER. Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy!

TELL. Shall I become the murderer of my child?
You have no children, sir — you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart!

BERTHA. O, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See how they tremble and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest!

GESLER. Who tells thee that I jest? Here is the apple;
Room there, I say! And let him take his distance —

Just eighty paces, — as the custom is, —
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast
That at a hundred he could hit his man.
Now, archer, to your task, and look you miss not!

BERTHA. Heavens! this grows serious — down, boy, on your knees,
And beg the governor to spare your life.

ALBERT. I will not down upon my knees to him!

BERTHA. My lord, let this suffice. 'Tis inhuman
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
Although this wretched man had forfeited
Both life and limb for such a slight offense,
Already he has suffered ten-fold death.
Send him away uninjured to his home;
He'll know thee well in future; and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GESLER. Open a way, there — quick! Why this delay?
Thy life is forfeited; I might despatch thee,
And see, I graciously repose thy fate
Upon the skill of thine own practised hand.
No cause has he to say his doom is harsh,
Who's made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest of thy steady eye. 'Tis well!
Now is the fitting time to show thy skill.

ALBERT. Say, where am I to stand? I do not fear;

My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now when 'twould harm his boy!

BERTHA. Does the child's innocence not touch thy heart?
Bethink you, sir, there is a power in heaven,
To which you must account for all your deeds.

GESLER. Bind him to yonder lime-tree straight!

ALBERT. Bind me?
No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb — nor even draw my breath!
But, if you bind me, I cannot be still.
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.

BERTHA. But let your eyes, at least, be bandaged, boy!

ALBERT. And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer!
He doubts thy skill — he thinks to ruin us.
Shoot, then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant!

GESLER. Now to thy task! I will provide the mark.

TELL. A lane there! Room!

BERTHA. But will you really venture on it, Tell?
You shake — your hand's unsteady — your knees tremble.

TELL. There's something swims before mine eyes!
Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!
Summon your troopers — let them strike me down!
GESLER. I do not want thy life, Tell, but the shot.
ALBERT. Come, father, shoot! I'm not afraid!
TELL. It must be! (Collects himself, and shoots.)
MANY VOICES. The boy's alive! The apple has been struck!
ALBERT. Here is the apple, father! Well I knew
You would not harm your boy.
GESLER. Well done! the apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot, I must allow.
A word, Tell.
TELL. Sir, your pleasure?
GESLER. Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt — nay, nay!
I saw it well — what was thy purpose with it?
TELL. It is a custom with all archers, sir.
GESLER. No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.
There was some other motive, well I know.
Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth; —
Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life, —
Wherefore the second arrow?
TELL. Well, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,

I will, without reserve, declare the truth.
If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have missed.

SCHILLER

From *William Tell*

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, the famous German poet, dramatist, and historian, was born at Marbach, Wurtemberg, November 10, 1759, and died at Weimar May 9, 1805. He studied first law and then medicine, but gave up all for authorship. The poet Goethe was his intimate friend. English translations of all of Schiller's best poems and plays are published.

BUT words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

LORD BYRON

THE CYNIC

THE Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to the light, mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes — openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly, the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellowmen without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers, and he who loves weeds will find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

From *The Evolution of Expression*
Published by the Emerson College of Oratory

A SELECTION FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; all in time
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne

Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

LORD BYRON

GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON, the famous English poet, was born at London, England January 22, 1788, and died in Greece April 19, 1824. He was graduated from Cambridge and gained reputation as a poet soon after. The last years of his life were spent with the Grecian insurgents, fighting for the independence of Greece.

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN A CELLAR

It was the evening of flower day in the Child's Hospital, and the kind ladies of the Flower Mission had brought many lovely posies to gladden the eyes and the hearts of the sick children, and the whole place was bright with their beauty and sweet with their fragrance. Queenly roses, pure white lilies, bunches of star-like daisies and their soft round white little buds, gaudy marigolds, crimson cockscombs, branches of honeysuckle vines filled with honey, rich fairy trumpets, saucy elf-faced pansies, spicy pinks, hollyhocks in satiny dresses of many colors, bright-eyed verbenas and sweet-williams, brilliant geranium blossoms, and even great honest faithful sunflowers — those flowers that love the sun so dearly that they turn to gaze upon him when he is bidding the earth "good night" — were all there, bringing with them Love and Hope and a troop of gentle spirits.

All day had the sick and maimed little ones rejoiced in their presence. Now when they were placed in the wee pitchers and vases that stood on the shelves above each snow-white little bed, their fragrance floated into the dreams of the sleeping children. The dreams of all but one, I should say; for one dear little girl, who had fallen and hurt her back so badly a few days before that it was feared she would never walk again, was wide-awake, trying hard to keep back the tears that filled her eyes and the sobs that rose in her throat when she thought of home. A small lamp hung from the ceiling near by and cast a faint light upon the flowers that were crowded into a quaint jug on the shelf above her bed. There were some roses, some lilies, some daisies, and one very pale pink geranium blossom in the midst of a group of prètty shy buds. As the little girl stifled a great sob that seemed determined to break out, she became conscious of several very small voices whispering softly together; and listening intently for a few moments, she discovered these voices came from the flowers in the quaint jug.

"*I* came," said a lovely crimson rose, when the whispering had ceased and the flowers were apparently satisfied that the children were all asleep, "from a most beautiful garden, where birds sing and fountains

play all day long, and the rarest of our race are tended with the greatest love and care."

"*I* came," said a daisy, "from a happy meadow, where the bees and butterflies roam from morning till night, where thousands and thousands of my sisters look up and smile at the bright blue sky and the cheery green grass nods on every side."

"*I* came," said a stately water lily, "from a great lake, where the waves flash like precious gems in the day and like purest silver at night; where glancing fish swim merrily to and fro; where tall, graceful, drooping trees standing upon the mossy banks cast their shadows upon the water; where, when the air begins to tremble with the earliest songs of the birds, the broad, faint light of morning steals from sleeping lily to sleeping lily and wakes them with a touch."

"*I* came," said the pale pink geranium blossom, "from a cellar."

"A cellar!" repeated the others, moving a little away from her.

"Yes, a cellar."

"I never met a flower from a cellar before," said the rose.

"Nor I," said the daisy.

"Nor I," said the lily. "There are no cellars in lakes."

"I thought they were all cellar," said the daisy, slyly; but the lily made no reply.

"Would you mind telling us how you came there?" asked the rose. "Being full-blown, I couldn't sleep much, if I tried."

"I am perfectly willing to tell you, if the others care to listen," said the pink flower, modestly.

"Pray go on," begged the daisy.

"I have no objection," added the water lily, in a gracious manner.

"One day," began the geranium blossom, growing a little pinker as its companions all turned toward it, "a servant-maid tossed from a window a withered bouquet into the street. In the center of this bouquet was a slip of geranium which had been placed there because its leaves were so fresh and green. A poor little girl passing by picked up this slip and carried it to a wretched cellar, where she lived. Here she found a battered tin pail, which she filled with dirt from the street, and in this dirt she planted the slip of geranium. 'See, mother,' she said, holding it up, as her mother raised her eyes from the coarse garment she was making, 'I mean to take such good care of this that some day it may grow a flower, a beautiful flower, like those I see in the windows of the big houses. Wouldn't that be lovely, mother?' and she climbed

up on the shaky old wooden table and placed the pail on the ledge of the four-paned cellar window.

"But the window-panes were so covered with cobwebs and dirt that the little of the blessed sunlight that found its way down there could not get in at all. So Polly got the broom and carefully swept away the dust and the spider webs. Then she washed and polished the four panes until they shone again, and the very next afternoon a sunbeam came to visit the geranium, and a tiny new leaf peeped out to greet it. When the window was cleaned, the shelf (holding a few old tin pans) that hung below it looked so dingy that Polly could not rest until she had scrubbed it well. Nor did she stop there, but also scoured the old tin things before she put them back in their places, until they almost looked like new. Thus, from the very moment of my mother plant's arrival, a change for the better began in that dreary cellar. It seemed so natural, when Polly had the basin of water ready to sprinkle the geranium, to wash the faces and hands of her little sisters and brothers first; and then, of course, the room must be swept and put in order, so that the bright clean faces might not seem out of place in it. When at last a cluster of wee pink buds crowned the green stem, Polly's joy knew no bounds. 'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'we must make it as nice as we can

for them here, the pretty darlings, for flowers are not used to living in a cellar. We must never say or do any wicked things before them, or they'll be scared and die right away. And if we are all very, very good, they'll grow, and grow, and grow, till they look like a whole garden.'

"And the mother, catching the spirit of the child, grew more cheerful and hopeful and industrious, and the home became neater and neater, until it was neatness itself. When any of the smaller children were tempted to quarrel and call each other naughty names, Polly would say, with warning voice and finger, 'Hush! the flowers will hear you'; and the little ones kissed and made up again.

"And this morning, when the lady of the Flower Mission was passing by with a basket of roses and lilies in her hand, Polly ran up the cellar steps and begged her to wait a moment, 'For,' said she, bashfully, '*I* have a flower to send to some sick child.'

"'You have!' said the lady, in surprise; for she thought when she first saw the little girl that she came to beg a flower, not to offer one. 'Pray where did you get it, my dear?'

"Polly told her the whole story, just as I have told it to you, and the lady went down into the dark room and talked for almost an hour in the kindest manner

with Polly's mother, and smiled brightly upon the beautiful geranium, now filled with round pink bunches of buds and blossoms. And I shouldn't wonder if some of those buds opened in a much pleasanter home than that cellar. But I'm glad *I* grew there; for my heart is filled with happiness when I think that through me and mine dear little Polly has become a better girl, made a happier home, and gained in the pretty flower lady a lovely friend."

"All the same, *I'd* rather come from a garden," said the rose.

"And I from a meadow," said the daisy.

"And I from a lake," murmured the water lily.

"But I wouldn't," said the lame girl, forgetting her pain, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes — "I wouldn't, if I were a flower. I think the flower that grew in a cellar the best and sweetest of you all."

All was silence when she ceased speaking, and from that day to this never has she heard lily or daisy, rose or geranium blossom, speak again.

Harper's Young People, 1880

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM[1]

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!

[1] The delicate irony of this selection calls for special emphasis upon expression.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies there
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory!"

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE KEY FLOWER

One day, during a ramble, I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other, but not on the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow, or dell, between. Nevertheless they could plainly see each other, and even talk whenever they liked, by shouting a little. As I came out of a thicket upon the clearing, on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest me was sitting among the grass and singing with all his might the German song commencing,

"Tra, ri, ro!
The summer's here, I know!"

His back was towards me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly. Curious to learn what he was doing, I slipped quietly around some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woolen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across to the opposite pasture, and cried out, "Hans! the cows!"

I looked also, and saw another boy of about the same

age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forests. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope, a little below him, and went on with his knitting. As I approached he heard my steps and turned towards me, a little startled at first; but he was probably accustomed to seeing strangers, for I soon prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age. He was called Otto and was twelve years old; his father was a wood-cutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

"And how much," I asked him, "do you get for taking care of the cattle?"

"I am to have five thalers" (about four dollars), he answered, "for the whole summer; but it doesn't go to me, it's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and *that's* for my winter clothes. Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers and new shoes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to talk and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

"I see," I said; "it's a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don't know their boy? He has not got them all out of the woods yet."

"Yes, they know him," said Otto, "and that's the reason they slip away. But the cattle mind some persons better than others; I've seen that much."

A few days afterwards I went up to the pasture again and came, by chance, to the head of the little dell dividing the two herds. I had been wandering in the fir forest and reached the place unexpectedly. There was a pleasant view from the spot, and I seated myself in the shade, to rest and enjoy it. The first object which attracted my attention was Otto, knitting, as usual, beside his herd of cows. Then I turned to the other side to discover what Hans was doing. His cattle, this time, were not straying; but neither did he appear to be minding them in the least. He was walking backwards and forwards on the mountain-side, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Sometimes, where the top of a rock projected from the soil, he would lean over it and look along it from one end to the other, as if he were trying to measure its size; then he would walk on, pull a blue flower, and then a yellow one, look at them sharply, and throw them away. "What is he after?" I said to myself. "Has he lost something, and is he trying to find it? or are his thoughts so busy with something else that he doesn't really know what he is about?"

I watched him for nearly half an hour, at the end

of which time he seemed to be tired, for he gave up looking about and sat down in the grass. The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways — it is astonishing how much intelligence they have! — and they immediately began to move towards the forest, and would soon have wandered away if I had not headed them off and driven them back. Then I followed them, much to the surprise of Hans, who had been aroused by the noise of their bells as they ran from me.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said.

As he made no answer, I asked, "Have you lost anything?"

"No," he then said.

"What have you been hunting so long?"

He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered, "Nothing."

This made me sure he had been hunting something, and I felt a little curiosity to know what it was. But although I asked him again, and offered to help him hunt it, he would tell me nothing. He had a restless and rather unhappy look, quite different from the bright, cheerful eyes and pleasant countenance of Otto.

His father, he said, worked in a mill below the town

and got good wages; so he was allowed half the pay for tending the cattle during the summer.

"What will you do with the money?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll soon spend it," he said. "I could spend a hundred times that much, if I had it."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "No doubt it's all the better that you haven't it."

He did not seem to like this remark, and was afterwards disinclined to talk; so I left him and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

"Otto," said I, "do you know what Hans is hunting all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?"

"No," Otto answered; "he has not lost anything, and I don't believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it is all true, they say you never come across it when you look for it, but it just shows itself all at once, when you're not expecting."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

Otto looked at me a moment and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised, but probably he reflected that I was a stranger and could not be expected to know everything; for he finally asked, "Don't you know, sir, what the shepherd found, somewhere about here, a great many hundred years ago?"

"No," I answered.

"Not the key-flower?"

Then I *did* know what he meant and understood the whole matter in a moment. But I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, "I wish you would tell me."

"Well," he began, "some say it was true and some that it wasn't. At any rate, it was a long, long while ago, and there's no telling how much to believe. My grandmother told *me;* but then she didn't know the man: she only heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd, and used to tend his sheep on the mountain, — or may be it was cows, I'm not sure, — in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies. And so it went on, from year to year. He was a poor man, but very cheerful, and always singing and making merry; but sometimes he would wish to have a little more money, so that he need not be obliged to go up to the pastures in the cold, foggy weather. That wasn't much wonder, sir, for it's cold enough up here, some days.

"It was summer, and the flowers were all in blossom, and he was walking along after his sheep when all at once he saw a wonderful sky-blue flower of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue and some that it was golden yellow: I don't know which is right. Well, however it was,

there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass. The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but just as he was lifting up the flower to examine it, he saw that there was a door in the side of the mountain. Now he had been over the ground a hundred times before and had never seen anything of the kind. Yet it was a real door and it was open, and there was a passage into the earth. He looked into it for a long time and at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps he found himself in a large hall, full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold, with a white beard, sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall. The shepherd was at first frightened, but the kobold looked at him with a friendly face and said, 'Take what you want and don't forget the best!'

"So the shepherd laid the flower on the table and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry, the kobold said again, 'Don't forget the best!' 'That I won't,' the shepherd thought to himself, and took more gold and the biggest diamonds he could find and filled his hat, so that he could scarcely stagger under the load. He was leaving the hall when the kobold cried out, 'Don't forget the best!' But he

couldn't carry any more and went on, never minding. When he reached the door in the mountain-side, he heard the voice again, for the last time, 'Don't forget the best!'

"The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around, the door had disappeared; his pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best. Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was the flower, which he had left on the table in the kobold's hall. *That* was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is opened to all the treasures under ground. If the shepherd had kept it, the gold and diamonds would have stayed so; and, besides, the door would have been always opened to him and he could then help himself whenever he wanted."

Otto had told the story very correctly, just as I had heard it told by some of the people before. "Did you ever look for the key-flower?" I asked him.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered: "Oh, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower doesn't grow any more, now."

"How long has Hans been looking for it?"

"He looks every day," said Otto, "when he gets tired doing nothing. But I shouldn't wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he'd look after his cattle better than he does."

As I walked down the mountain that afternoon I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys and the story of the key-flower. Up to this time the story has only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful fairy-tale; but now I began to think it might mean something more. Here was Hans, neglecting his cows and making himself restless and unhappy, in the hope of some day finding the key-flower; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by hunting for it, was attentive to his task, always earning a little, and always contented.

Therefore, the next time I walked up to the pasture, I went straight to Hans. "Have you found the key-flower yet?" I asked.

There was a curious expression upon his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must now and then have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here, Hans," said I, seating myself upon a rock. "Don't you know that those who hunt for it never find it. Of course you have not found it and

you never will, in this way. But even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pockets."

"Oh no!" he exclaimed; "that's just what I wouldn't do."

"Why, don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time, — I mean the best that you have at present. Now I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains and, what is more, Otto has found it!"

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Don't you see," I continued, "how happy and contented he is all the day long? He does not work as hard at his knitting as you do in hunting for the flower; and although you get half your summer's wages, and he nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won't change into a leaf. Besides, when a boy is contented and happy he has gold and diamonds. Would you rather be rich and miserable, or poor and happy?"

This was a subject upon which Hans had evidently not reflected. He looked puzzled.

I saw that Hans was not a bad boy; he was simply

restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. This lonely life on the mountains was not good for a boy of his nature, and I knew it would be difficult for him to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But, after a long talk, he promised me he would try, and that was as much as I expected.

Now, you may want to know whether he *did* try, and I am sorry that I cannot tell you. I left the place soon afterwards and have never been there since. Let us all hope, however, that he found the real key-flower.

BAYARD TAYLOR

From *Boys of Other Countries*
By Permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons

BAYARD TAYLOR, an American poet, writer, and traveler, was born in Pennsylvania, 1825, and died at Berlin, Germany, 1878. He traveled afoot over most of the countries of Europe, writing letters to American papers. He was later appointed United States Minister at Berlin. His books of travel and his published translations are many and interesting.

DEATH OF PHILIP NOLAN

"Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you!" "Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi — that was where Fort Adams is — they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?"

Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as best I could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had

marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon, — that he said he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back — heavens, how far — to ask about the "Chesapeake" and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the "Leopard," and whether Burr was tried again, — and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war, — told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the "Java," — asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; I told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. . . .

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him — of emigration and the means of it, — of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, — of inventions, and books, and literature — of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that you ever heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families." Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washing-

ton. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion.

And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page, and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' — and the rest of the Episcopal collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him

and kissed me, and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city." On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY AS NO OTHER MAN HAS LOVED HER;
BUT NO MAN DESERVED LESS AT HER HANDS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

From *The Man Without a Country*

REST

Rest is not quitting
  The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
  Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
  Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
  After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
  The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
  And this is true rest.

Goethe

Translated from the German

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (gė'te) the famous German poet, dramatist, and prose-writer, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, August 28, 1749, and died at Weimar in 1832. His is the greatest name in German literature.

CROSS PURPOSES

Part I

Once upon a time the Queen of Fairyland, finding her own subjects far too well-behaved to be amusing, took a sudden longing to have a mortal or two at her court. So, after looking about her for some time, she fixed upon two to bring to Fairyland.

But how were they to be brought?

"Please, your Majesty," said at last the daughter of the prime minister, "I will bring the girl."

The speaker, whose name was Peaseblossom, after her great-great-grandmother, looked so graceful, and

hung her head so apologetically, that the Queen said at once:

"How will you manage it, Peaseblossom?"

"I will open the road before her and close it behind her."

"I have heard that you have pretty ways of doing things; so you may try."

The court happened to be held in an open forest glade of smooth turf, upon which there was just one mole-heap. As soon as the Queen had given her permission to Peaseblossom, up through the mole-heap came the head of a goblin, which cried out:

"Please, your Majesty, I will bring the boy."

"You!" exclaimed the Queen. "How will you do it?"

The goblin began to wriggle himself out of the earth, as if he had been a snake and the whole world his skin, till the court was convulsed with laughter. As soon as he got free he began to roll over and over, in every possible manner, rotatory and cylindrical, all at once, until he reached the wood. The courtiers followed, holding their sides, so that the Queen was left sitting upon her throne in solitary state. When they reached the wood, the goblin, whose name was Toadstool, was nowhere to be seen. While they were looking for him, out popped his head from the mole-heap again, with the words:

"So, your Majesty."

"You have taken your own time to answer," said the Queen, laughing.

"And my own way, too, eh! your Majesty?" rejoined Toadstool, grinning.

"No doubt. Well, you may try."

And the goblin, making as much of a bow as he could with only half his neck above ground, disappeared under it.

Part II

No mortal, or fairy either, can tell where Fairyland begins and where it ends. But somewhere on the borders of Fairyland there was a nice country village, in which lived some nice country people. Alice was the daughter of the squire, a pretty, good-natured girl, whom her friends called fairy-like and others called silly. One rosy summer evening, when the wall opposite her window was flaked all over with rosiness, she threw herself on her bed and lay gazing at the wall. The rose-color sank through her eyes and dyed her brain, and she began to feel as if she were reading a storybook. She thought she was looking at a western sea, with the waves all red with sunset. But when the color died out, Alice gave a sigh to see how com-

monplace the wall grew. "I wish it was always sunset!" she said, half aloud. "I don't like gray things."

"I will take you where the sun is always setting, if you like, Alice," said a sweet, tiny voice near her. She looked down on the coverlet of the bed, and there, looking up at her, stood a lovely little creature. It seemed quite natural that the little lady should be there; for many things we never could believe have only to happen, and then there is nothing strange about them. She was dressed in white, with a cloak of sunset-red—the colors of the sweetest of sweet peas. On her head was a crown of twisted tendrils, with a little gold beetle in front.

"Are you a fairy?" said Alice.

"Yes. Will you go with me to the sunset?"

"Yes, I will."

When Alice proceeded to rise, she found that she was no bigger than the fairy; and when she stood up on the counterpane, the bed looked like a great hall with a painted ceiling. As she walked towards Peaseblossom, she stumbled several times over the tufts that made the pattern. But the fairy took her by the hand and led her towards the foot of the bed. Long before they reached it, however, Alice saw that the fairy was a tall, slender lady, and that she herself

was quite her own size. What she had taken for tufts on the counterpane were really bushes of furze, and broom, and heather, on the side of a slope.

"Where are we?" asked Alice.

"Going on," answered the fairy.

Alice, not liking the reply, said:

"I want to go home."

"Goodbye, then," answered the fairy.

Alice looked round. A wide, hilly country lay all about them. She could not even tell from what quarter they had come.

"I must go with you, I see," she said.

Before they reached the bottom they were walking over the loveliest meadow-grass. A little stream went cantering down beside them, without channel or bank, sometimes running between the blades, sometimes sweeping the grass all one way under it. And it made a great babbling for such a little stream and such a smooth course.

Gradually the slope grew gentler and the stream flowed more softly and spread out wider. At length they came to a wood of long, straight poplars, growing out of the water; for the stream ran into the wood and there stretched out into a lake. Alice thought they could go no farther; but Peaseblossom led her straight on, and they walked through.

It was now dark; but everything under the water gave out a pale, quiet light. There were deep pools here and there, but there was no mud, or frogs, or water-lizards, or eels. All the bottom was pure, lovely grass, brilliantly green. Down the banks of the pools she saw, all under water, primroses and violets and pimpernels. Any flower she wished to see she had only to look for and she was sure to find it. When a pool came in their way, the fairy swam, and Alice swam by her; and when they got out they were quite dry, though the water was as delightfully wet as water should be. Besides the trees, tall, splendid lilies grew out of it, and hollyhocks and irises and sword-plants, and many other long-stemmed flowers. From every leaf and petal of these, from every branch-tip and tendril, dropped bright water. It gathered slowly at each point, but the points were so many that there was a constant musical plashing of diamond rain upon the still surface of the lake. As they went on the moon rose and threw a pale mist of light over the whole, and the diamond drops turned to half-liquid pearls, and round every tree-top was a halo of moonlight, and the water went to sleep, and the flowers began to dream.

"Look," said the fairy; "those lilies are just dreaming themselves into a child's sleep. I can see them

smiling. This is the place out of which go the things that appear to children every night."

"Is this dreamland, then?" asked Alice.

"If you like," answered the fairy.

"How far am I from home?"

"The farther you go, the nearer home you are."

Then the fairy lady gathered a bundle of poppies and gave it to Alice. The next deep pool that they came to, she told her to throw it in. Alice did so, and following it, laid her head upon it. That moment she began to sink. Down and down she went, till at last she felt herself lying on the long, thick grass at the bottom of the pool, with the poppies under her head and the clear water high over it. Up through it she saw the moon, whose bright face looked sleepy too, disturbed only by the little ripples of the rain from the tall flowers on the edges of the pool.

She fell fast asleep, and all night dreamed about home.

Part III

Richard — which is name enough for a fairy story — was the son of a widow in Alice's village. He was so poor that he did not find himself generally welcome; so he hardly went anywhere, but read books at home and waited upon his mother. His manners, therefore,

were shy, and sufficiently awkward to give an unfavorable impression to those who looked at outsides. Alice would have despised him; but he never came near enough for that.

Now Richard had been saving up his few pence in order to buy an umbrella for his mother; for the winter would come, and the one she had was almost torn to ribbands. One bright summer evening, when he thought umbrellas must be cheap, he was walking across the market-place to buy one: there, in the middle of it, stood an odd-looking little man, actually selling umbrellas. Here was a chance for him! When he drew nearer, he found that the little man, while vaunting his umbrellas to the skies, was asking such absurdly small prices for them that no one would venture to buy one. He had opened and laid them all out at full stretch on the market-place — about five-and-twenty of them, stick downwards, like little tents — and he stood beside, haranguing the people. But he would not allow one of the crowd to touch his umbrellas. As soon as his eye fell upon Richard he changed his tone and said, "Well, as nobody seems inclined to buy, I think, my dear umbrellas, we had better be going home." Whereupon the umbrellas got up, with some difficulty, and began hobbling away. The people stared at each other with open mouths,

for they saw that what they had taken for a lot of umbrellas was in reality a flock of black geese. A great turkey-cock went gobbling behind them, driving them all down a lane towards the forest. Richard thought with himself, "There is more in this than I can account for. But an umbrella that could lay eggs would be a very jolly umbrella." So by the time the people were beginning to laugh at each other, Richard was half-way down the lane at the heels of the geese. There he stopped and caught one of them, but instead of a goose he had a huge hedgehog in his hands, which he dropped in dismay; whereupon it waddled away a goose as before, and the whole of them began cackling and hissing in a way that he could not mistake. For the turkey-cock, he gobbled and gabbled and choked himself and got right again in the most ridiculous manner. In fact he seemed sometimes to forget that he was a turkey, and laughed like a fool. All at once, with a simultaneous long-necked hiss, they flew into the wood, and the turkey after them. But Richard soon got up with them again, and found them all hanging by their feet from the trees, in two rows, one on each side of the path, while the turkey was walking on. Him Richard followed; but the moment he reached the middle of the suspended geese, from every side arose the most frightful hisses, and their necks

grew longer and longer, till there were nearly thirty broad bills close to his head, blowing in his face, in his ears, and at the back of his neck. But the turkey, looking round and seeing what was going on, turned and walked back. When he reached the place, he looked up at the first and gobbled at him in the wildest manner. That goose grew silent and dropped from the tree. Then he went to the next, and the next, and so on, till he had gobbled them all off the trees, one after another. But when Richard expected to see them go after the turkey, there was nothing there but a flock of huge mushrooms and puff-balls.

"I have had enough of this," thought Richard. "I will go home again."

"Go home, Richard," said a voice close to him.

Looking down, he saw, instead of the turkey, the most comical-looking little man he had ever seen.

"Go home, Master Richard," repeated he, grinning.

"Not for your bidding," answered Richard.

"Come on, then, Master Richard."

"Not that either, without a good reason."

"I will give you such an umbrella for your mother."

"I don't take presents from strangers."

"Bless you, I'm no stranger here! Oh, no! not at all." And he set off in a manner usual with him, rolling every way at once.

Richard could not help laughing and following. At length Toadstool plumped into a great hole full of water. "Served him right!" thought Richard. "Served him right!" bawled the goblin, crawling out again and shaking the water from him like a spaniel. "This is the very place I wanted, only I rolled too fast." However, he went on rolling again faster than before, though it was not up hill, till he came to the top of a considerable height, on which grew a number of palm trees.

"Have you a knife, Richard?" said the goblin, stopping all at once, as if he had been walking quietly along, just like other people.

Richard pulled out a pocket-knife and gave it to the creature, who instantly cut a deep gash in one of the trees. Then he bounded to another and did the same, and so on, till he had gashed them all. Richard, following him, saw that a little stream, clearer than the clearest water, began to flow from each, increasing in size the longer it flowed. Before he had reached the last there was quite a tinkling and rustling of the little rills that ran down the stems of the palms. This grew and grew, till Richard saw that a full rivulet was flowing down the side of the hill.

"Here is your knife, Richard," said the goblin; but by the time he had put it in his pocket, the rivulet had grown to a small torrent.

"Now, Richard, come along," said Toadstool, and threw himself into the torrent.

"I would rather have a boat," returned Richard.

"Oh, you stupid!" cried Toadstool, crawling up the side of the hill, down which the stream had already carried him some distance.

With every contortion that labor and difficulty could suggest, yet with incredible rapidity, he crawled to the very top of one of the trees and tore down a huge leaf, which he threw on the ground, and himself after it, rebounding like a ball. He then laid the leaf on the water, held it by the stem, and told Richard to get upon it. He did so. It went down deep in the middle with his weight. Toadstool let it go, and it shot down the stream like an arrow. This began the strangest and most delightful voyage. The stream rushed careering and curveting down the hillside, bright as a diamond, and soon reached a meadow plain. The goblin rolled alongside of the boat like a bundle of weeds; but Richard rode in triumph through the long grassy country upon the back of his watery steed. It went straight as an arrow and, strange to tell, was heaped up on the ground, like a ridge of water or a wave, only rushing on endways. It needed no channel and turned aside for no opposition. It flowed over everything that crossed its path, like a

great serpent of water, with folds fitting into all the ups and downs of the way. If a wall came in its course it flowed against it, heaping itself up on itself till it reached the top, whence it plunged to the foot on the other side, and flowed on. Soon he found that it was running gently up a grassy hill. The waves kept curling back as if the wind blew them, or as if they could hardly keep from running down again. But still the stream mounted and flowed, and the waves with it. It found it difficult, but it could do it. When they reached the top, it bore them across a heathy country, rolling over purple heather, and blue harebells, and delicate ferns, and tall foxgloves crowded with bells purple and white. All the time the palm-leaf curled its edges away from the water and made a delightful boat for Richard, while Toadstool tumbled along in the stream like a porpoise. At length the water began to run very fast, and went faster and faster, till suddenly it plunged them into a deep lake, with a great splash, and stopped there. Toadstool went out of sight, and came up gasping and grinning, while Richard's boat tossed and heaved like a vessel in a storm at sea; but not a drop of water came in. Then the goblin began to swim, and pushed and tugged the boat along. But the lake was so still, and the motion so pleasant, that Richard fell fast asleep.

Part IV

When he woke he found himself still afloat upon the broad palm-leaf. He was alone in the middle of a lake, with flowers and trees growing in and out of it everywhere. The sun was just over the tree-tops. A drip of water from the flowers greeted him with music; the mists were dissolving away; and where the sunlight fell on the lake the water was clear as glass. Casting his eyes downward, he saw, just beneath him, far down at the bottom, Alice — drowned, as he thought. He was in the act of plunging in, when he saw her open her eyes, and at the same moment begin to float up. He held out his hand, but she repelled it with disdain; and swimming to a tree, sat down on a low branch, wondering how ever the poor widow's son could have found his way into Fairyland. She did not like it. It was an invasion of privilege.

"How did you come here, young Richard?" she asked, from six yards off.

"A goblin brought me."

"Ah, I thought so. A fairy brought me."

"Where is your fairy?"

"Here I am," said Peaseblossom, rising slowly to the surface, just by the tree on which Alice was seated.

"Where is your goblin?" retorted Alice.

"Here I am," bawled Toadstool, rushing out of the water like a salmon, and casting a somersault in the air before he fell in again with a tremendous splash. His head rose again close beside Peaseblossom, who being used to such creatures only laughed.

"Isn't he handsome?" he grinned.

"Yes, very. He wants polishing though."

"You could do that for yourself, you know. Shall we change?"

"I don't mind. You'll find her rather silly."

"That's nothing. The boy's too sensible for me."

He dived, and rose at Alice's feet. She shrieked with terror. The fairy floated away like a water-lily towards Richard. "What a lovely creature!" thought he; but hearing Alice shriek again, he said:

"Don't leave Alice; she's frightened at that queer creature. I don't think there's any harm in him, though, Alice."

"Oh, no. He won't hurt her," said Peaseblossom. "I'm tired of her. He's going to take her to the court, and I will take you."

"I don't want to go."

"But you must. You can't go home again. You don't know the way."

"Richard! Richard!" cried Alice, in an agony.

Richard sprang from his boat, and was by her side in a moment.

"He pinched me," cried Alice.

Richard hit the goblin a terrible blow on the head; but it took no more effect upon him than if his head had been a round ball of India-rubber. He gave Richard a furious look, however, and bawling out, "You'll repent that, Dick!" vanished under the water.

"Come along, Richard; make haste; he will murder you," cried the fairy.

"It's all your fault," said Richard. "I won't leave Alice."

Then the fairy saw it was all over with her and Toadstool; for they can do nothing with mortals against their will. So she floated away across the water in Richard's boat, holding her robe for a sail, and vanished, leaving the two alone in the lake.

"You have driven away my fairy!" cried Alice. "I shall never get home now. It is all your fault, you naughty young man."

"I drove away the goblin," remonstrated Richard.

"Will you please to sit on the other side of the tree. I wonder what my papa would say if he saw me talking to you!"

"Will you come to the next tree, Alice?" said Richard, after a pause.

Alice, who had been crying all the time that Richard was thinking, said, "I won't." Richard, therefore, plunged into the water without her, and swam for the tree. Before he got half-way, however, he heard Alice crying, "Richard! Richard!" This was just what he wanted. So he turned back, and Alice threw herself into the water. With Richard's help she swam pretty well, and they reached the tree. "Now for the next!" said Richard; and they swam to the next, and then to the third. Every tree they reached was larger than the last, and every tree before them was larger still. So they swam from tree to tree, till they came to one that was so large that they could not see round it. What was to be done? Clearly, to climb this tree. It was a dreadful prospect for Alice, but Richard proceeded to climb; and by putting her feet where he put his, and now and then getting hold of his ankle, she managed to make her way up. There were a great many stumps where branches had withered off, and the bark was nearly as rough as a hillside, so there was plenty of foothold for them. When they had climbed a long time, and were getting very tired indeed, Alice cried out, "Richard, I shall drop — I shall. Why did you come this way?" And she began once

more to cry. But at that moment Richard caught hold of a branch above his head, and reaching down his other hand got hold of Alice, and held her till she had recovered a little. In a few moments more they reached the fork of the tree, and there sat and rested.

"This is capital!" said Richard, cheerily.

"What is?" asked Alice, sulkily.

"Why, we have room to rest, and there's no hurry for a minute or two. I'm tired."

"You selfish creature!" said Alice. "If you are tired, what must I be?"

"Tired, too," answered Richard. "But we've got on bravely. And look! what's that?"

By this time the day was gone, and the night so near that in the shadows of the tree all was dusky and dim. But there was still light enough to discover that in a niche of the tree sat a huge horned owl, with green spectacles on his beak, and a book in one foot. He took no heed of the intruders, but kept muttering to himself. And what do you think the owl was saying? I will tell you. He was talking about the book he held upside down in his foot.

"Stupid book this-s-s-s! Nothing in it at all! Everything upside down! Stupid ass-s-s-s! Says owls can't read! I can read backwards!"

"I think that is the goblin again," said Richard, in

a whisper. "However, if you ask a plain question, he must give you a plain answer, for they are not allowed to tell downright lies in Fairyland."

"Don't ask him, Richard; you know you gave him a dreadful blow."

"I gave him what he deserved, and he owes me the same. Hallo! which is the way out?"

He wouldn't say "if you please," because then it would not have been a plain question.

"Downstairs," hissed the owl, without ever lifting his eyes from the book, which all the time he read upside down, so learned was he.

"On your honor, as a respectable old owl?" asked Richard.

"No," hissed the owl; and Richard was almost sure that he was not really an owl. So he stood staring at him for a few moments, when all at once, without lifting his eyes from the book, the owl said, "I will sing a song," and began:

"Nobody knows the world but me.
When they're all in bed, I sit up to see.
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses
And that is how my wisdom passes.
Howlowlwhoolhoolwoolool.

"I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes —
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think
I write them down with pen and ink.
Howlowlwhooloolwhitit that's wit.

"You may call it learning — 'tis mother-wit.
No one else sees the lady-moon sit
On the sea, her nest, all night, the owl,
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl.
When the oysters gape to sing by rote,
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.
Howlowlwhitit that's wit, there's a fowl!"

And so singing, he threw the book in Richard's face, spread out his great, silent, soft wings, and sped away into the depths of the tree. When the book struck Richard, he found that it was only a lump of wet moss.

While talking to the owl he had spied a hollow behind one of the branches. Judging this to be the way the owl meant, he went to see, and found a rude, ill-defined staircase going down into the very heart of the trunk. But so large was the tree that this could not have hurt it in the least. Down this stair, then, Richard scrambled as best as he could, followed by Alice — not of her own will, she gave him clearly to

understand, but because she could do no better. Down, down they went, slipping and falling sometimes, but never very far, because the stair went round and round. It caught Richard when he slipped, and he caught Alice when she did. They had begun to fear that there was no end to the stair, it went round and round so steadily, when, creeping through a crack, they found themselves in a great hall, supported by thousands of pillars of gray stone. Where the little light came from they could not tell. This hall they began to cross in a straight line, hoping to reach one side, and intending to walk along it till they came to some opening. They kept straight by going from pillar to pillar, as they had done before by the trees. Any honest plan will do in Fairyland, if you only stick to it. And no plan will do if you do not stick to it.

It was very silent, and Alice disliked the silence more than the dimness, — so much, indeed, that she longed to hear Richard's voice. But she had always been so cross to him when he had spoken, that he thought it better to let her speak first; and she was too proud to do that. She would not even let him walk alongside of her, but always went slower when he wanted to wait for her; so that at last he strode on alone. And Alice followed. But by degrees the horror of silence grew upon her, and she felt at last as if

there was no one in the universe but herself. The hall went on widening around her; their footsteps made no noise; the silence grew so intense that it seemed on the point of taking shape. At last she could bear it no longer. She ran after Richard, got up with him, and laid hold of his arm.

He had been thinking for some time what an obstinate, disagreeable girl Alice was, and wishing he had her safe home to be rid of her, when, feeling a hand, and looking around, he saw that it was the disagreeable girl. She soon began to be companionable after a fashion, for she began to think, putting everything together, that Richard must have been several times in Fairyland before now. "It is very strange," she said to herself; "for he is quite a poor boy, I am sure of that. His arms stick out beyond his jacket like the ribs of his mother's umbrella. And to think of me wandering about Fairyland with him!"

The moment she touched his arm, they saw an arch of blackness before them. They had walked straight to the door — not a very inviting one, for it opened upon an utterly dark passage. Where there was only one door, however, there was no difficulty about choosing. Richard walked straight through it; and from the greater fear of being left behind, Alice faced the lesser fear of going on. In a moment they were

in total darkness. Alice clung to Richard's arm, and murmured, almost against her will, "Dear Richard!" It was strange that fear should speak like love; but it was in Fairyland. It was strange, too, that as soon as she spoke thus, Richard should fall in love with her all at once. But what was more curious still was, that, at the same moment, Richard saw her face. In spite of her fear, which had made her pale, she looked very lovely.

"Dear Alice!" said Richard, "how pale you look!"

"How can you tell that, Richard, when all is as black as pitch?"

"I can see your face. It gives out light. Now I can see your hands. Now I can see your feet. Yes, I can see every spot where you are going to — no, don't put your foot there. There is an ugly toad just there."

The fact was, that the moment he began to love Alice, his eyes began to send forth light. What he thought came from Alice's face, really came from his eyes. All about her and her path he could see, and every minute saw better; but to his own path he was blind. He could not see his hand when he held it straight before his face, so dark was it. But he could see Alice, and that was better than seeing the way — ever so much.

At length Alice too began to see a face dawning through the darkness. It was Richard's face; but it was far handsomer than when she saw it last. Her eyes had begun to give light too. And she said to herself: "Can it be that I love the poor widow's son? I suppose that must be it," she answered to herself, with a smile; for she was not disgusted with herself at all. Richard saw the smile, and was glad. Her paleness had gone, and a sweet rosiness had taken its place. And now she saw Richard's path as he saw hers, and between the two sights they got on well.

They were now walking on a path betwixt two deep waters, which never moved, shining as black as ebony where the eyelight fell. But they saw ere long that this path kept growing narrower and narrower. At last, to Alice's dismay, the black waters met in front of them.

"What is to be done now, Richard?" she said.

When they fixed their eyes on the water before them, they saw that it was swarming with lizards, and frogs, and black snakes, and all kinds of strange and ugly creatures, especially some that had neither heads, nor tails, nor legs, nor fins, nor feelers, being, in fact, only living lumps. These kept jumping out and in, and sprawling upon the path. Richard thought for a few moments before replying to Alice's question, as, indeed, well he might. But he came to the conclusion

that the path could not have gone on for the sake of stopping there; and that it must be a kind of finger that pointed on where it was not allowed to go itself. So he caught up Alice in his strong arms, and jumped into the middle of the horrid swarm. And just as minnows vanish if you throw anything amongst them, just so these wretched creatures vanished, right and left and every way.

He found the water broader than he had expected; and before he got over, he found Alice heavier than he could have believed; but upon a firm, rocky bottom, Richard waded through in safety. When he reached the other side, he found that the bank was a lofty, smooth, perpendicular rock, with some rough steps cut in it. By and by the steps led them right into the rock, and they were in a narrow passage once more, but, this time, leading up. It wound round and round, like the thread of a great screw. At last, Richard knocked his head against something, and could go no farther. The place was close and hot. He put up his hands, and pushed what he felt like a warm stone; it moved a little.

"Go down, you brutes!" growled a voice above, quivering with anger. "You'll upset my pot and my cat, and my temper, too, if you push that way. Go down!"

Richard knocked very gently, and said: "Please let us out."

"Oh, yes, I dare say! Very fine and soft-spoken! Go down, you goblin brutes! I've had enough of you. I'll scald the hair off your ugly heads if you do that again. Go down, I say!"

Seeing fair speech was of no avail, Richard told Alice to go down a little, out of the way; and, setting his shoulders to one end of the stone, heaved it up; whereupon down came the other end, with a pot, and a fire, and a cat which had been asleep beside it. She frightened Alice dreadfully as she rushed past her, showing nothing but her green lamping eyes.

Richard, peeping up, found that he had turned a hearthstone upside down. On the edge of the hole stood a little, crooked old man, brandishing a mopstick in a tremendous rage, and hesitating only where to strike him. But Richard put him out of his difficulty by springing up and taking the stick from him. Then, having lifted Alice out, returned it with a bow, and, heedless of the maledictions of the old man, proceeded to get the stone and then put it up again. For puss, she got out of herself.

Then the old man became a little more friendly, and said: "I beg your pardon, I thought you were goblins. They never will let me alone. But you must allow,

it was rather an unusual way of paying a morning call." And the creature bowed conciliatingly.

"It was, indeed," answered Richard. "I wish you had turned the door to us instead of the hearthstone." For he did not trust the old man. "But," he added, "I hope you will forgive us."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my dear young people. Use your freedom. But such young people have no business to be out alone. It is against the rules."

"But what is one to do — I mean two to do — when they can't help it?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but now, you know, I must take charge of you. So you sit there, young gentleman; and you sit there, young lady."

He put a chair for one at one side of the hearth, and for the other at the other side, and then drew his chair between them. The cat got upon his hump, and then set up her own. So here was a wall that would let through no moonshine. But although both Richard and Alice were very much amused, they did not like to be parted in this peremptory manner. Still they thought it better not to anger the old man any more — in his own house, too.

But he had been once angered, and that was once too often, for he had made it a rule never to forgive without taking it out in humiliation.

It was so disagreeable to have him sitting there between them, that they felt as if they were far asunder. In order to get the better of the fancy, they wanted to hold each other's hands behind the dwarf's back. But the moment their hands began to approach, the back of the cat began to grow long, and its hump to grow high; and, in a moment more, Richard found himself crawling wearily up a steep hill, whose ridge rose against the stars, while a cold wind blew drearily over it. Not a habitation was in sight; and Alice had vanished from his eyes. He felt, however, that she must be somewhere on the other side, and so climbed and climbed, to get over the brow of the hill, and down to where he thought she must be. But the longer he climbed, the farther off the top of the hill seemed; till at last he sank quite exhausted, and — must I confess it? — very nearly began to cry. To think of being separated from Alice, all at once, and in such a disagreeable way! But he fell a-thinking instead and soon said to himself: "This must be some trick of that wretched old man. Either this mountain is a cat or it is not. If it is a mountain, this won't hurt it; if it is a cat, I hope it will." With that, he pulled out his pocket-knife and, feeling for a soft place, drove it at one blow up to the handle in the side of the mountain.

A terrific shriek was the first result; and the second, that Alice and he sat looking at each other across the old man's hump, from which the cat-a-mountain had vanished. Their host sat staring at the blank fireplace, without ever turning round, pretending to know nothing of what had taken place.

"Come along, Alice," said Richard, rising. "This won't do. We won't stop here."

Alice rose at once and put her hand in his. They walked towards the door. The old man took no notice of them. The moon was shining brightly through the window; but instead of stepping out into the moonlight when they opened the door, they stepped into a great, beautiful hall, through the high Gothic windows of which the same moon was shining. Out of this hall they could find no way, except by a staircase of stone which led upwards. They ascended it together. At the top, Alice let go Richard's hand to peep into a little room, which looked all the colors of the rainbow, just like the inside of a diamond. Richard went a step or two along a corridor, but finding she had left him turned and looked into the chamber. He could see her nowhere. The room was full of doors; and she must have mistaken the door. He heard her voice calling him, and hurried in the direction of the sound. But he could see nothing of her. "More tricks," he

said to himself. "It is of no use to stab this one. I must wait till I see what can be done." Still he heard Alice calling him, and still he followed, as well as he could. At length he came to a doorway, opened to the air, through which the moonlight fell. But when he reached it, he found that it was high up in the side of a tower, the wall of which went straight down from his feet, without stair or descent of any kind. Again he heard Alice call him and, lifting his eyes, saw her, across a wide castle-court, standing at another door just like the one he was at, with the moon shining full upon her.

"All right, Alice!" he cried. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," answered she.

"Then listen. This is all a trick. It is all a lie of that old wretch in the kitchen. Just reach out your hand, Alice dear."

Alice did as Richard asked her; and, although they saw each other many yards off across the court, their hands met.

"There! I thought so!" exclaimed Richard, triumphantly. "No, Alice, I don't believe it is more than a foot or two down to the court below, though it looks like a hundred feet. Keep fast hold of my hand, and jump when I count three." But Alice drew her hand from him in sudden dismay; where-

upon Richard said, "Well, I will try first," and jumped. The same moment, his cheery laugh came to Alice's ears as she saw him standing safe on the ground, far below.

"Jump, dear Alice, and I will catch you," said he.

"I can't; I am afraid," answered she.

"The old man is somewhere near you. You had better jump," said Richard.

Alice jumped from the wall in terror, and only fell a foot or two into Richard's arms. The moment she touched the ground, they found themselves outside the door of a little cottage which they knew very well, for it was only just within the wood that bordered on their village. Hand and hand they ran home as fast as they could. When they reached the little gate that led into her father's grounds, Richard bade Alice goodbye. The tears came in her eyes. Richard and she seemed to have grown quite man and woman in Fairyland, and they did not want to part now. But they felt that they must. So Alice ran in the back way, and reached her own room before anyone had missed her. Indeed, the last of the red had not quite faded from the west.

As Richard crossed the market-place on his way home, he saw an umbrella-man just selling the last of his umbrellas. He thought the man gave him a queer

look as he passed, and felt very much inclined to punch his head. But remembering how useless it had been to punch the goblin's head, he thought it better not.

In reward of their courage, the Fairy Queen sent them permission to visit Fairyland as often as they pleased; and no goblin or fairy was allowed to interfere with them.

For Peaseblossom and Toadstool, they were both banished from court, and compelled to live together, for seven years, in an old tree that had just one green leaf upon it.

Toadstool did not mind it much, but Peaseblossom did.

GEORGE MACDONALD

By Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From *The Lady of the Lake*

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON

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